

“I won’t say its Love”

## Chapter 2: Tomb of the Lovers

Golden sunlight trickled through the forest canopy, calm as a fresh dawn. A kaleidoscope of yellows, browns, and greens spilled across the forest floor, which shimmered like gemstones. Whether it be ants scurrying through the dirt, chipmunks gnawing on seeds, or foxes hiding in the underbrush, everything moved and breathed in harmony. Alberon Forest was alive and well, brimming with sublime magic.

This eased Huntress Wizard’s nerves as she patrolled Alberon. After sleeping for days, she feared the worst. What if a fire razed the forest to cinders? What if poachers hunted every last elk? What if a monster nestled in a cave, killing animals and drawing heroes in search of adventure? A myriad of forces threatened Alberon, and without her, the forest might be reduced to nothing.

... and she was nothing without the forest.

“Thank Alberon nothing went wrong,” said Huntress Wizard, muttering under her breath. Even awake, Huntress doubted she could be much help. Perhaps she digested too many calories, but Huntress Wizard felt sluggish, her arms heavy and head light. Gentle as it may be, the sunlight pierced her eyes like spears and sharp turns gave her vertigo.

Squinting in the daylight, Huntress Wizard shielded her eyes.

“Ugh. I need a drink. This headache is killing me.”

After the patrol looped around the forest’s eastern edge, Huntress Wizard reached a babbling brook. The water was shallow with the river bed so close that every stone was crystal clear. Several dead trees lay across the brook, their bark and sapwood rotting off in black chunks, tainting the water. It was poisonous to normies, but safe for nymphs like her.

Crouching down, Huntress Wizard drank deeply. The water was cool on her lips and ran down her throat like a stream. It refreshed the spirit and cleared her mind, leaving Huntress rejuvenated. With the rustling of leaves, Huntress Wizard shook her head.

“Phew! I needed that!” Hands on her hips, Huntress Wizard glanced over her shoulder. “Now, to patrol the southern—”

A twig snapped nearby. It may as well have been an explosion. Most predators were too light-footed to be so noisy.

Someone was in the forest, watching her. Waiting for her. Huntress Wizard froze stiff. Instinct told her to crouch down, to brace for a pounce. That would only draw suspicion. Instead, Huntress Wizard kept talking.

“— half. It’s mating season, so I’d better be careful. Don’t wanna spook wombats looking for love.”

Huntress Wizard’s voice remained level and calm. This wasn’t her first ambush, and it wouldn’t be her last. Casually, she turned on her heel towards the southern side. All the while, her eyes darted left-and-right, searching for the smallest hint of movement.

“By fall, there’ll be plenty of baby animals scurrying around. They’ll be so cute! I can... hardly...”

On the periphery, shadows shifted. Someone darted quick. With a flick of her finger, Huntress Wizard summoned three arrows from her quiver and fired them straight at the shadows. There came the *thunk thunk thunk* of arrowheads hitting bark, followed by a yelp.

Huntress Wizard pounced like a cougar. Knife in hand, she launched herself at the stalker, who was pinned to a tree. The blade stopped inches from their throat.

“Okay, dirtbag! What’s the big idea?” Huntress Wizard snarled in the back of her throat, her cat-like pupils sharp as needles. An emerald aura wafted off the plant mage, much like steam simmering off a stove. “Prepare to die, foul poach— *wha?* Finn!”

Indeed, the stalker in her clutches was Finn Mertens. The young hero was pinned against the tree, wincing as the knife prickled his throat. If Finn moved forward by so much as an inch, his neck would splurt a scarlet spray.

“Hey, Huntress...” said Finn. With one eye open, the young hero smiled weakly. Desperately, he ignored the melons pressing against his chest. They were as large as Finn’s head and twice as heavy. “How’s your patrol coming along?”

Huntress Wizard’s face lit up like fireworks. Immediately she withdrew the knife and pried Finn free from the tree. Finn’s face disappeared between her hefty hooters in the process, but that was of little import.

“Sorry about that. Didn’t mean to whoop your butt!” Huntress Wizard dusted Finn off. Several holes cut through his blue shirt, but it was still wearable. “Did you forget Rule 24?”

“Kinda? ‘Don’t spook me during patrols, unless yah wanna gargle your own teeth, fool.’” Finn rubbed the back of his head with an apologetic grin. “Sorry! But since you weren’t home, I figured you were on patrol.”

“You.” Huntress Wizard blinked. She pointed at herself. “You went searching. For me?”

“Well, yeah!” Finn shrugged. He tried to forget the warmth of those pillowy mounds, how they smothered his face. How that velvety smooth skin made him quiver with goosebumps. Finn failed and his grin grew tight. “After you disappeared for a week, why wouldn’t I search? Are you okay? What’s this, uh...”

Finn gestured to Huntress Wizard from top-to-bottom. Between her enhanced figure and the midnight blue of her outfit, she looked out-of-place.

“Situation?”

Huntress Wizard blushed harder. Running fingers through her leafy hair, the plant nymph felt pride rise in her chest.

“They look nice, right?” The pink tulips among the leafy hair radiated an ethereal glow. The petals were full of life and the stigma a rich shade of yellow. The horn-like branches were thick and the leaves had a glossy sheen. “It’s, uh, that time of year again.”

Finn valiantly looked Huntress Wizard in the eye. Anywhere else was a death sentence, but in the back of his mind, Finn pondered about melons. Big, juicy, succulent melons. He nodded his head firmly.

“They’re beautiful.”

Coughing into his fist, Finn pivoted back on topic.

“B-but yeah! What’s up? How come you vanished, especially after our little... chat?” Finn twiddled his fingers together. “Did I... say something wrong?”

“What?” said Huntress sharply. She shook her hands defensively. “No, you’re fine! Totally fine!”

Huntress Wizard hated how her cheeks burned, how her voice cracked. She liked Finn, she liked him a whole dang lot. But she hated feeling like a foolish fledging. This wasn’t her. This wasn’t the badass protector of Alberon. She needed to regain control, pronto.

Taking a deep breath, Huntress Wizard recited an ancient mantra in her head. It calmed her somewhat.

“What I mean is, you did nothing wrong. This season always hits me hard, making it difficult to... focus.” Huntress Wizard’s eyes glanced across Finn, drinking in the bulging bicep, those thick neck muscles, how his shirt was drawn taut across those powerful abs. She sweated and the heady aroma of nectar wafted from the tulips. She guiltily looked away. “So I hibernated. Keeps the mind sharp and clear!”

Perhaps Breakfast Princess’ words bothered her more than Huntress wanted to admit. She hated feeling bashful. It was stupid and weak.

*“I wish I could eat that edible hussy all over again,”* thought Huntress Wizard. She clenched her fists until the knuckles cracked. *“How dare she mess with my noggin? I’m not a simpering sapling. I am Huntress Wizard!”*

Shaking her head, Huntress Wizard cleared her throat. She spoke slowly but surely, building confidence with each word.

“Thankfully, it’s over. I’ve never felt sharper. My mind is an arrow, ready to cut down prey!” Huntress Wizard held out a hand. “Wanna tag along for the patrol? There’s plenty of secrets in Alberon, if you wanna learn ‘em. But!”

Huntress extended a pinkie finger. Her expression grew grim.

“You gotta promise. Promise you’ll keep these secrets hidden.” Huntress Wizard narrowed her eyes. “Only take my hand if you mean it.”

Finn blinked. Huntress Wizard always took things seriously, but this felt... different. Not a bad different, but ‘swear on your mother’s life’ different. Not to mention her ample changes. The flowers were one thing, but did spring give girls huge...

...tracts of land?

*“Gah! I’m overthinking things! Huntress Wizard has always been straight with me!”* thought Finn, shaking his head. *“If she’s hiding something, there must be a real good reason! Right now, I should be grateful she’s willing to share any secrets at all.”*

Casting aside his doubts, Finn accepted the pinkie promise.

“I’ll take these secrets to the grave. You can always trust me, HW.”

Gratitude split across Huntress Wizard’s face. She knew she could trust Finn. This forest, above all else, was her home, her sanctuary. If Finn was willing to protect Alberon Forest, then her feelings of— *liking someone a lot*— were not wasted.

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Soon enough, the couple patrolled Alberon, first by exploring the outer fringes, then heading towards Birch Meadows. The path was smooth, a walk through a park. The trees were thin and birds aplenty, allowing the couple to appreciate the sparrow’s song.

As bright sunlight filtered through the canopy and washed over the young couple, Huntress Wizard grinned. Finn looked rather fetching right now, like a hunter in his element. Calm and confident, yet ever-vigilant. If only Finn allowed his golden locks to flow more, the picture would be complete.

*“Someday, I’ll burn that hat,”* thought Huntress Wizard. *“It looked cute when Finn was a teenager, but he’s a man now. He’s outgrown it.”*

After searching through Birch Meadows and dismantling bear traps, the couple ventured into the Giants Toes, the western half of Alberon. The terrain was harsh and steep, for it was the foothills of the Mountain Men Mountains. The knotted roots that sprang from the forest floor made the path treacherous; a single misstep could mean a fall, followed by a sudden, final stop.

When the path grew too wild, Huntress Wizard took Finn onto her back. She leapt from tree to tree, effortless as an antelope, and Finn couldn't help but admire her grace.

"See anything?" asked Huntress Wizard, focused on clearing each jump. She was in her element, and didn't think twice as Finn held her tight, his arms wrapped around her massive milkers. "Any monsters below us? I heard something about fifty trees away!"

"Uhhh."

Finn, despite his best efforts, struggled to concentrate on the lush forest landscape while two *large* distractions consumed his attention. How could he focus when the marshmallow soft melons pressed against his arms? When they heaved with every breath, and how Finn could barely wrap his arms around these majestic mounds?

These chest pillows were astounding.

*"Don't pop a boner, dude. Don't pop a boner!"* thought Finn.

Finn bit the inside of his cheek. The pain distracted him, however briefly, and allowed him to search.

"Nothing below us! Looks like we're—"

Suddenly, a thunderous roar echoed across the forest. Both adventurers jolted, shared a look, then nodded their heads.

"Wanna check it out?"

"Absolutely," said Huntress Wizard, and like a swift arrow, they flew on winged feet.

When the couple reached the ruckus, they landed on a tree bough high in the canopy. Below, a gaggle of bears had gathered in a clearing. While some scratched trees to sharpen their claws and others gnawed on bones, three bears argued in the center. Two bears were buff males, covered in scars and muscle, while the third was a young female.

The female bear had a pink flower tucked behind her ear, as if commanded by some higher power to delineate her gender.

"Back off! Flora is mine!" roared the first bear. His fur was pitch black, bleak as night. A jigsaw of scars covered his barrel chest. "Find someone else!"

"No! Flora and I are going steady!" said the second bear. His fur was light brown, rich like sweetest chocolate. He had three long scars across his neck as well as a gash on his snout. "The wedding is next month! Don't pretend like you didn't receive an invite. Is this because Bobby is the best man? I asked you first, so don't complain because you turned it down!"

Flora shifted her weight from side-to-side. She was clearly uneasy, and when she spoke, her voice was torn with heartache.

"Banza, Leonard, stop fighting! Brothers shouldn't be at each other's throats!"

Flora stamped the ground with both front paws, leaving claw marks in the dirt. "Why don't we all get married? I love you both!"

"No!" The brothers shouted in unison, making Flora's flower lose a petal. The bears returned to their staring contest.

"You always got the pick of the litter! Stop stealing girlfriends!" said Leonard.

"Mom always liked you best!" said Banza. "All because you were the pretty one and play the trumpet real good. Jazz is a real art form, Mom! Let me play the bongos I love!"

From the treetops, Huntress Wizard grimaced. She hated family drama. It was messy, heated and downright confusing. Huntress never knew her parents, because like every nymph, she didn't have any. The Spirit of the Forest raised her, but he was more a mentor than a parent. At best, the flower nymphs were like Huntress Wizard's sisters, but they never quarreled. Mostly

because her sisters were content to waft in the breeze, giggle endlessly, and make-out with bees. And sometimes, they played games like 'Pollinate This' and 'Who Can Touch the Sun.'

Besides, they were dead now, so it's not like they caused Huntress grief. Flower nymphs don't live long. Because they're flowers and junk. Not that it bothered Huntress Wizard. Nature took its course. It was very natural. It's not like she thought about them everyday, wondered where the souls of flowers went, and if they'd meet again in another life.

Not at all.

With a roll of her eyes, Huntress Wizard settled into a relaxed crouch and said, "Ugh! False alarm. Let's get a move on, Finn."

Only then did Huntress Wizard feel a distinct lack of weight on her back. Finn's toned, smoking hot bod no longer pressed against her back. Huntress Wizard glanced over her shoulder, only to find empty air.

"Finn?"

Huntress Wizard twirled her head around, only to spot the boy blue wonder tromping towards the bears. Finn held his arms aloft, showing his sword was undrawn. Huntress Wizard's cat-like pupils dilated into slits and her fingers dug gouges on the tree's bark.

"Finn! What the plum!?"

Leonard and Banza noticed Finn, and sharing the same brain cell, they blocked him off from Flora.

"Who the buns are you? Wanna get mauled!" bellowed the bears simultaneously.

Finn shook his head, and arms still raised, he gave a most sympathetic look.

"Dudes, I get it. Sometimes bros drive each other crazy," said Finn, his face a mask of calm empathy.

The bears blinked. Most creatures avoided them like a plague. They were bears, after all: they were big, powerful, and incredibly sexy. Few could handle such a potent combination; most creatures were jealous. Jealous, we say! So what was this hairless, non-bear scheming?

In the slow tone of someone testing unfamiliar waters, Leonard said, "... come again?"

"What are you talking about?" said Banza. He growled from the back of his throat.

"What'd you know, you pink naked weasel?"

With a hand over his heart, Finn smiled warmly.

"Take it from me. I'm real close to my bro, Jake, but not so much with my other brother, Jermaine. He was the responsible one, the dutiful son, and while I didn't realize it for years, he took on a lotta family duties while Jake & I goofed off. It wasn't fair to Jermaine and it strained our relationship." Finn took a careful step towards the bears, then another. They crouched lower, bearing their teeth. "When the truth came out, I felt like a mega butthead. After I apologized, Jermaine & I talked things out, and while we're different people, walking down different paths, it's nice to have him in my life."

Finn grasped both of his hands together.

"So yah see, it's important to learn how to compromise. To talk things out! You wouldn't wanna lose a brother over a silly fight, right?"

The bears shared a glance, then bowed their heads.

"Yeah... yeah. You've got a good point, kid." Banza turned to his little brother. "Leonard, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have shoved my nose where it don't belong. I had my chance with Flora, and blew it. Sorry for not respecting her choices, or yours."

Leonard waved a paw back-and-forth.

“It’s okay, bro. Maybe if Flora & I didn’t date and get engaged right after the breakup, this wouldn’t have happened? I shoulda respected your feelings more.”

Banza held out a paw.

“Still brothers?”

Leonard took the paw. They shook on it.

“Still brothers. Always.”

The tension in the air lifted like a cloud of thick miasma. The bears grinned warmly, or as best as bears can grin. There was a profound sense of brotherly affection between the two bears, and things felt on the upswing...

... until Lenoard raised a paw, the claws black and sharp as obsidian.

“Oh, I know! To celebrate the occasion, let’s claw this pink naked weasel’s face off.”

Leonard’s tone was neither rude or cruel. He spoke casually, like a neighbor asking for sugar. There was no malice in Leonard’s gaze as the bear turned to Finn, merely predatory intent. “That cool with you, dude?”

“Oh, yeah! It’s been hours since I killed a small creature,” said Banza. He bared his teeth, exposing the sharp pearly whites and purple gums. Those jaws easily shatter bones into splinters. “No offense, man. Your speech was powerful, mad stuff! Really made me reevaluate my preconceptions.”

Banza shrugged nonchalantly.

“Buuuuuut I gotta kill anything that’s smaller than me and isn’t a bear. Like, what if you’re a wolf trying to steal my kill? Sorry, brah. Them’s Bear Rules.”

The bear brothers approached Finn, backs crouched, ready to pin him to the ground. The young hero took a step back, then another. He chuckled weakly, uncertain whether to run or draw his sword.

Before bloodshed was drawn on either side, however, Flora shoved her way into the fray. Banza and Leonard whined like children, but they couldn’t resist the love of their life.

“Wait! Don’t you boys see?” Flora waved a paw at Finn. “This ugly ugly ugly weasel thing—”

“One ‘ugly’ would have been enough,” said Finn.

“—saved our relationship! Don’t we owe him?”

With a grunt, Flora rose on her hindlegs. The bear towered at a staggering eight feet tall. This close, Finn could see the iron-strong muscles ripple beneath Flora’s fur, the hundreds of pounds of bone and fat. The adventurer had fought bigger monsters and slain devious demons, but when Flora’s shadow cast over him, Finn sweated a bit.

“I say, we eat him! Isn’t that more respectful? Banza, you take the chest and arms. Leonard, you take the legs and waist. And I’ll take the head and juicy innards!” Flora smacked her toothy chops, her tongue big and pink. A rumble echoed in the bear’s belly like the keel of an iron bell. “Think of it as a forgiveness feast!”

“I’m down for that,” said Banza.

“Let’s do it! You’re full of great ideas, Flora!” said Leonard. The two brothers advanced, flanking Finn. Flora blushed beneath her fur as she rose a paw high, prepared to swipe with enough power that could kill a moose.

“Daw, you’re a sweetheart, Leonard!” said Flora, in a girlish tone. “Now, it’s lunch time!”

The bear’s paw swung down like a reaper’s scythe, but before it could crush Finn’s skull, a green blur whizzed by and swept Finn off his feet. The deadly claws struck the earth, tearing up rocks and roots. As Finn soared away, the bears looked up.

“Hey, no fair!”

“That’s our kill!”

“Oh, poo! Our lunch!”

Alas, Finn was far out-of-reach. He soared way up high, the wind blowing in his face. The rich blue sky opened like the vaults of heaven before him, and gazing upward, Finn saw Huntress Wizard. The plant nymph had Finn tucked beneath an arm while the other held a grappling hook. The couple swung along like Tarzan & Jane until they landed in a tree. An arrow was embedded in a bough above their heads.

Crouching down, Huntress Wizard peered across the forest. “Mmm. They don’t seem to be chasing us? Bears are good trackers, but they’re lazy too. They’d crush a mouse under their claws than someone speedy like us.”

Still clutched in Huntress Wizard’s grasp like luggage, Finn chuckled weakly.

“Thanks for the save, HW! I appreciate it!” He twiddled his fingers together. “That was pretty dumb, huh? But I couldn’t watch brothers fighting like that! If Jake & I fought like that…”

Huntress Wizard cast a hard gaze at Finn. She didn’t understand his reasoning, not really. Bears weren’t half as dangerous as cyclops, giants, or Manotaurs, but they still packed a wallop. As an adventurer, Finn should know better; endangering his life out of misguided sympathy was stupid.

... on the other hand, that same kindness was what made Finn a hero. Any adventurer could slay monsters and save kingdoms. It took a true hero to protect people, not just from evil, but from themselves.

With a sigh, Huntress Wizard set Finn down. The young hero blushed scarlet when his face brushed against the ample bosom, and as Huntress Wizard sat beside him, Finn tried to forget its phantom warmth.

“It’s okay. When you’re close to someone, you wanna protect them & keep them close. But when two people you care about fight, sides are taken and...”

Huntress Wizard fell silent. She ran out of words to say; this was a script she never read. Instead, she turned towards the horizon with a thoughtful gaze, doing her best to appear wise.

Thankfully it worked, because Finn said nothing else. Silently, he leaned on her shoulder, appreciating the view. The Forest of Alberon stretched before them like an emerald ocean, beautiful and majestic. Every breeze made the treetops dance like sea waves and the hawks, falcons, and other birds of prey that flew overhead resembled seagulls. Maple sap replaced the aroma of sea salt, and beyond the forest, the Candy Kingdom glimmered like a pink diamond while the snow-tipped mountains of the Ice Kingdom lined the horizon like a giant crown.

The couple enjoyed the peaceful silence. Life was tranquil. Life was beautiful. Slowly, Huntress Wizard carefully slid a hand towards Finn’s... only to draw back at the last second. It wasn’t time. Not yet.

She sighed.

“Well, today’s patrol is over. Honestly surprised the forest didn’t burn down without me. Guess I worried over nothing.” Tilting her head to one side, Huntress Wizard said, “Hey, Finn? Got anything else planned? There’s a special... I wanna do this together, but it’s an all-day thing. If you’re busy, I understand...”

Finn shrugged casually. The memory of Huntress Wizard’s lovely lady lumps in his face stirred something virile in his soul, but after locking it in The Vault, Finn could look at Huntress without exploding like a fat Dum-Dum.

"I'm all yours, HW! Hero biz is light today, so we can hang out all you want!" said Finn. His eyes briefly wandered to the bottomless canyon that was Huntress's cleavage, drawn to it like a compass pointing north, but Finn averted his gaze before she noticed. "So it's cool, baby!"

"Right, right," said Huntress Wizard in a distracted tone.

Huntress Wizard brushed a hand through her leafy hair, as if her mind twisted and turned a complex puzzle. It concerned Finn, but the young hero said nothing. If something was wrong, Huntress would say so.

After idly plucking a caterpillar from her leafy hair, Huntress Wizard bit her lip.

*"Should I... I mean, we've known each other for years. Finn is a good guy. A brave hero! He can be trusted,"* thought Huntress Wizard. Her cheeks turned a bright shade of emerald.

*"Trusted enough that I wanna a buttload of naughty stuff to him. This is naturally the next step."*

The plant mage growled under her breath. This was stupid. She was overthinking things. She never over-thought. This was Breakfast Princess' fault. The edible hussy got under her skin. When it came to what Huntress wanted, it was best to seize it with both hands and never let go. Such was the way of nature.

"Very well," said Huntress Wizard. Rising to her feet, she held out a hand. "If you're ready, take my hand. This will be a bumpy ride."

Without hesitation, Finn took Huntress' hand and hopped onto her back like before. Huntress charged her magic until emerald energy peeled off her body like embers off a bonfire, then in a burst of light, the couple vanished into a blur.

At lightning fast speed, Huntress Wizard leapt from tree to tree in great, mighty bounds, gliding like a graceful gazelle. The wind blew in Finn's face like a raging hurricane while the leaves in Huntress' hair scarcely rustled. The journey was a peaceful, almost serene experience for the plant mage, but for Finn, it was like riding a hurricane.

He loved every minute of it.

"Woo-hoo! We're the wind itself!" shouted Finn. He pumped an arm in the air. He and Huntress Wizard, they were majestic beasts in their element, moving as one creature. His heart raced with excitement, and the howling wind carried away his words, his thoughts, and worries. Enough that Finn didn't notice the raging stiffie pressed against Huntress' back. "Boy, I never knew you could run so fast, Huntress!"

"It's, uuuh." Huntress Wizard blushed heavily, even as her eyes shone with green magic. The manliness pressing against her spine felt long as a spear, hard as stone, and extra girthy. "Necessary. You need... magic to reach... *glob he's so big.*"

"What's that?" shouted Finn. "Can't hear you over the wind!"

"Nothing. Don't worry about it."

Tearing across Alberon Forest in a flash of emerald, the couple reached a grassy clearing. It was enclosed by a giant dome, thick as glass yet foggy like the early dawn. When they drew near, it shone brilliantly like the golden sun, only for Huntress Wizard to run straight through.

With a midair somersault, Huntress Wizard leapt from a tree and into the clearing. Behind them, the dome briefly glowed before it returned to its foggy countenance. Not that they noticed: the couple gazed across the clearing, admiring its open spaces, jade green grass, and rolling hills with red, white, and purple flowers. The tree line was thick and dark, affording plenty of privacy, and to the south a lake rested at a mountainous foothill. A waterfall rolled off this foothill, where it poured into the lake. The water was crystal blue and clean, and when they drew near, fish darted beneath the surface.



“Welcome to Titania Falls.” Huntress Wizard waved from left-to-right across the gorgeous landscape. “It’s the most magical place in the Forest, second to the Heart of Alberon. It’s powerful and very special. To me.”

Taking Finn by the hand, Huntress Wizard squeezed it tight.

“This place is a secret. Only me, the Spirit of the Forest, and nymphs are allowed here. I’ve never shown this place to anyone else.” Huntress Wizard leaned closer into Finn. A few trees dotted the field, including a willow sapling that bordered the lake’s edge. Finn was pushed against the sapling, rustling its leaves. A single budding flower fell off and onto Finn’s shoulder, where it twinkled with magic. “Do you understand what that means?”

As usual, Huntress Wizard was intense. Finn admired that. She either did everything at 100% or not at all. Such passion, such earnestness got his heart pumping. It was like Huntress was a songbird, singing a tune all her own and he was a musician, hoping to match her beautiful song with his flute spell.

That, and Huntress Wizard pressed her massive milkers squarely into Finn’s chest. The pillows felt soft and warm against his body, and a sweet, heady fragrance wafted off them, matching Huntress Wizard’s aroma of sweat and sap. It smelled like maple syrup.

Gulping hard, Finn nodded his head, not trusting himself to speak. Huntress Wizard sagged with relief.

“Thank you, Finn. I knew I could trust you.”

Turning about-face, Huntress Wizard approached the lake. With great care, she removed her cape & cowl, which transformed into a single leaf. She unbuckled her boots and left them by the lakeside, exposing her bare feet. Finn had never seen Huntress’ feet before; ivy-green veins crisscrossed beneath the emerald skin and crawled up the legs before stopping at the knees. Brown roots erupted from the soles, and Huntress Wizard had three toes, each long and pointy.

While Huntress unbuckled her belt, she glanced at Finn.

“Uh, what are you waiting for? Take off your clothes. We gotta get naked.”

With a shrug, Finn said, “Yeah, okay. Sure.”

Casually, Finn kicked off his shoes and socks. Next came his scabbard, and Finn laid his sword between his shoes and Huntress’ boots. By the time he removed his hat, Finn’s brain caught up with his ears.

“Wait, naked? As in, *naked* naked?” The young hero’s face grew red like a ripe tomato. “I-I mean, uuuh.”

Don’t get things twisted: Finn had been nude around Huntress Wizard plenty of times. Heck, they first met while Finn was bathing in a stream. Huntress Wizard marched into the river, took his hand, and stared Finn straight in the eye, not once looking at his boing-loings. And honestly, Finn felt comfortable in his body; he wasn’t a pervert, but Finn was fine walking around in his birthday suit.

Between Huntress Wizard’s, er, *developed* figure and Mini-Finn’s raging desire, however, Finn didn’t trust his body right now. What if Mini-Finn didn’t behave? That would be super unheroic.

“Uh, are you sure, HW? I mean...”

Finn’s lips zipped shut. There was no good way to say this. Huntress Wizard valued honesty, demanded it really, but Finn couldn’t explain his hesitation. Not without sounding like a massive buttbrain. He acted that way with Phoebe, and Finn didn’t wanna lose another girlfriend. If he could call whatever... *this* was a boyfriend/girlfriend thing.

Twiddling his thumbs, Finn finally found his voice. It came out weak like a mouse.

"I don't... what if I... I don't want to..."

Huntress Wizard blinked as she yanked off the belt. She raised an eyebrow.

"Finn? What's wrong?" The plant mage tilted her head to one side. "Come on, it's alright. Everyone is naked under their clothes."

Resuming the task, Huntress Wizard cast aside the belt. Her pants fell down to the ankles, exposing her thighs. Those green pillars ran from here to the Candy Kingdom and were packed with muscle; it was clear to see how Huntress sprinted all the way here. What's more, she wore a pair of panties made from a brown deer's pelt. It wasn't the sexiest piece of lingerie in the world, but it kept her groin warm and that was enough.

While Finn stared at the bush poking beneath the panties, Huntress Wizard pulled her tunic over her head, careful not to pluck the leaves from her branches. This freed her bosom, making the huge breasts bounce around like balloons. Even when those puppies settled down, they rose and fell with every breath, the nipples large as saucers. As sweat rolled down the skin, it made the boobs glisten. What's more, what appeared to be milky sap trickled out of the nipples like the sweetest honey.

Clapping a hand over the massive milkers, Huntress Wizard sighed.

"Mmm. The spring season always throws my body out of whack." Glancing back at Finn, she said, "Hurry up. I'm not standing here for my health. Where we're going is especially sacred, and it's sacrilege to wear clothes."

Huntress Wizard pulled Finn close by the waist. Her fingers sank into his taut, yet bubble butt boy buns. "Want some help? I can undress you."

*"Please let me undress you,"* thought Huntress Wizard.

Despite himself, Finn wiggled in Huntress' hold. He tried not to grind against her naked form, but between those streamlined muscles and voluptuous chest, instinct vanquished the hero. A large bulge pressed against Finn's pants, making the fabric creak, and it drew circles across Huntress' thighs. Mini-Finn searched for the perfect place to plant his sword.

"N-N-No thank you! That's, ahahaha, enough!" said Finn. His fingers clenched, wrestling with the desire to pull Huntress into an embrace. "You can let go now! Please?"

Huntress Wizard pursed her lips. She didn't understand Finn's discomfort, not really. Throughout her life, everyone she knew was comfortable in their skin. Whether it be the Spirit of the Forest, nymphs, or animals, everyone accepted their flesh, blemishes and all. And sure, during her short stint in Wizard City, Huntress Wizard learned that wearing clothes was the law, but wizards were crazy. She figured clothes were part of that.

But... Finn was being 100% totes real, and Huntress Wizard respected that.

Releasing Finn's boy buns, her hands tingling from the warmth, Huntress Wizard nodded. At least she confirmed that Finn desired her; how could she not notice that huge, meaty package? The way it pressed against her inner thigh, how it throbbed with masculine lust... it made her heart go *pitter-patter*.

"... that's cools. Sorry for pushing you, Finn. That wasn't right of me."

Scratching her head, Huntress Wizard frowned. Finn must be naked to enter Titania Falls. How to make this work?

When Huntress' gaze fell on her discarded belt, a candle bloomed inside her noggin. Grabbing the hem of her domino mask, the plant mage spun it around until the fabric covered her eyes.

"How about this?" Huntress Wizard pointed to the mask-turned-blindfold. She couldn't help but grin at her own genius. "If I can't see you, will you feel better? The cave will be empty,

so no one will see your buff bod. Besides, I know Titania Falls like the back of my hand; we won't get lost."

Finn frowned. Silently, he waved a hand in front of Huntress Wizard's face. Her hunter instincts were sharp enough that she tensed up, but she didn't follow the hand's movement. Neither did the eyes move beneath the black fabric.

Once he was confident, Finn sighed with relief.

"This... might actually work! Thanks, HW!" Finn beamed. "And don't worry, if any monster attacks us, I'll kill it before that blindfold needs to come off!"

Finn sliced the air with a karate chop, then dutifully striped off his clothes piece-by-piece. Soon, the young hero was completely naked, bearing his beautiful biceps, toned abs, and manly backside for all the world to see. Finn's clothes were placed beside Huntress' neatly folded set, two of a kind.

Stepping up, Finn raised an eyebrow.

"You're sure this'll work?"

"Absolutely. There's no way I'd drown us like dogs." Without skipping a beat, Huntress Wizard led him to the lakeside. The young hero did his best not to ogle her bare breasts or hips, both of which swayed from side-to-side.

Like a compass facing north, Huntress Wizard pointed to a spot below the waterfall. While the churning water blurred the details, it was possible to spot pale limestone in the rock wall, where a cavernous maw opened wide like a snoring dragon. The hole was dark, mysterious, and uncomfortably deep.

"The dive isn't that deep, but take a big breath anyways. Don't worry, you won't drown." Huntress Wizard cracked her knuckles. "I won't let it happen."

Hesitation gripped Finn's heart. He trusted Huntress Wizard with his life, and she wouldn't hurl herself into danger without a plan. Between the nudity and unknown depths, however, this felt risky. The only mercy was that Huntress couldn't see Finn's raging stiffie; everytime he glanced at that massive rack, Mini-Finn threw a salute.

*"Gah! Get it together, dude!"* thought Finn. He shook his head. *"If you can't control Mini-Finn, he'll control you! Jake said so, and he's mad wise!"*

Summoning his inner strength, Finn relaxed. He got this. There was nothing to fear. And if there was any danger, Finn would kick it in the nards. The young hero took a deep breath, nodded to Huntress Wizard, and dove into the lake.

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Cold. Cold. Cold. The water was intensely cold. As the couple swam through the lake, skimming across the surface with the grace of swans, Finn was astonished how cold it was. The water flowed across his chest like a jet stream of ice while the wind above cooled his backside. His body froze from fingertips to toes until muscles creaked and his bones felt brittle like glass. It was like Finn stepped out into a blizzard, sapping out his warmth with every stroke and paddle. The only fate worse was skinny-swimming in the Ice Kingdom.

The breath was knocked out of his lungs and Finn's limbs grew stiff. It was a struggle to move. If not for Huntress Wizard's guidance, Finn would have flailed until he returned to shore or sank to the lake bottom.

Curse the Mountain Men Mountains. During the springtime, the ice that melted off the snow-tipped peaks flowed downhill until the cool water nourished Alberon Forest and its rivers.

This lake was one such benefactor. If Finn had remembered that fact, a flame spell could have kept him warm.

While Finn grimaced at the chilling bite, however, Huntress Wizard seemed unaffected. Perhaps her plant biology gave her greater resilience to the cold, or she cast a spell over herself? Either way, Huntress swam gracefully like an otter, kicking her legs in tandem like a giant oar. Her arms cut through the water's surface like knives and she tilted her head from side-to-side, swallowing great gulps of air.

Finn followed her lead, and after a while, the young hero adapted to the water's icy chill. By the time they reached the waterfall, Finn almost forgot how his fingers ached.

At the base of the waterfall, a thin veil of mist hung in the air. It obscured the underwater cavern much like the turgid swell of bubbles. This made it difficult to position themselves, and while a dewy spray coated their faces, Huntress Wizard turned to Finn. Even with the blindfold, he felt the weight of her gaze.

"This next part will be tricky. The cavern weaves everywhere like a natural maze." She pointed downward at the cavern with surprising accuracy. "I know the exact path, but I can't see. In case you spot danger, tug twice. If there's a monster down there, we need to flee immediately. Understand?"

Finn nodded.

"Don't worry, HW! I'll keep my eyes peeled."

Huntress Wizard chuckled.

"Ha, gross. Why would you peel your eyeballs?" She shook her head. "You have the weirdest imagination, Finn."

Taking deep breaths, the couple sank below the surface. Immediately, Huntress Wizard's leafy hair went wild and spread out in every direction. It flowed with the elegance of algae and lengthened to an emerald shroud. Finn admired its brilliant glow as spears of sunlight rippled in the water, enough that he didn't avert his gaze when Huntress Wizard did a nimble backflip, giving an ample view of her butt.

*"You need to improve your guard, Finn. You're bleeding lust like a musky fog,"* thought Huntress Wizard. She smiled hopefully. *"Good. Desire me. Want me like I want you."*

Huntress did another backflip for good measure, then swam towards the underwater cave. It opened like a jagged maw in the earth, the lips lined with sharp and unforgiving rocks. After the couple swam through the entrance, the last rays of daylight disappeared from sight, swallowed by the darkness.

Mercifully, the cave interior wasn't nearly so rough. Water erosion had carved the walls, floor, and ceiling into nothing but smooth stone, pale and pearly like the finest limestone. Even through the inky darkness, the rock shone with an inner brilliance, affording enough light to see. He ran his hands across the walls, admiring how it made his fingers tingle.

*"This place... it feels different. There's a buttload of magic, yeah, but it's so... peaceful,"* thought Finn. *"Nothing like the magic in Wizard City."*

Finn put that down to Nature Magic. While all magic stemmed from the deepest cosmos, it branched off into many disciplines like an overgrown tree. Wizard Magic was often wild, chaotic, and fueled by deep despair. Ice Magic was driven by cold calculus, namely by ushering entropy everywhere as the universe's logical conclusion. Candy Magic was fueled by happiness, light, and sugar, and Slime Magic... was Slime Magic.

Magic was more complex than that, but that was all the thick-headed hero understood. Finn never had a talent for book-learning. What Finn did know was that Nature Magic was soft,

peaceful, and only sought to grow... if left undisturbed. If someone harmed plants, animals, or people imbued with Nature Magic, it grew viciously and bloodthirsty, much like poking a tiger. Mother Nature hurled hurricanes at those who disturbed her order.

If this cave brimmed with Nature Magic, more so than Alberon Forest, then it was wise to not stir up trouble. Who knows how it might retaliate?

Such worries were swept aside when the couple reached an impasse: a fork in the cave. While one tunnel dove deeper into the earth, the other branched upwards. The walls of the first tunnel shifted from limestone to a rock lined with white veins while the other remained the same. Both tunnels were beautiful, but the former was cast in impenetrable darkness.

Finn swam on the spot, wondering which tunnel to take, only for Huntress Wizard to swim past. She swam downward without hesitation.

*"Guess that's the way?"* thought Finn. He followed after the plant mage, only to bump against the walls. *"Uh oh. Guess these walls are narrower. Better be careful."*

Wordlessly, the couple swam deeper into the cave. How far they traveled, who could say? Was it mere meters, or were they miles below the earth, sinking deeper than the darkest tombs? Either way, Alberon Forest felt like a distant dream, murky and half-forgotten by the layers of sediment above them.

At such depths, the frigid water grew frostier, enough that Finn's skin turned pale. Worse, his chest burned and his lungs ached for oxygen. Finn swam faster, desperate to reach the exit, but there was none in sight.

*"Gotta... keep... going..."* thought Finn, even as his vision grew murky. *"We didn't... come... for nothing."*

Finn's lungs were on fire. His arms felt heavy as lead and it was impossible to kick his legs. He bumped against the cave walls, scraping his backside against the coarse stone. His eyes fluttered shut and his thoughts slowed to a crawl.

Before Finn faded into darkness, however, a powerful force wrapped under his arms. With a burst of speed, the young hero was pulled deeper into the earth, only to pivot upwards. There came a loud *splash*, and like a slap to the face, a wall of air struck him.

"Gaaah!" said Finn, gasping for air. He breathed deeply, filling his lungs with life-affirming oxygen. Everything was so dark that Finn couldn't see the nose on his face, but soft flesh pressed against his chest, warming his body.

"Hey, Finn." Huntress Wizard's voice cut through the darkness like a knife. "How are you holding up?"

Finn said nothing. He greedily gulped air, struggling to keep his head above water. He doggy paddled as best as possible.

"Hm. That's probably not good."

Under her breath, Huntress cast a spell. There came a bright flash, and with an eerie, green glow, Huntress Wizard shone like bioluminescent fungi. The cavern was filled with light, enough to outline their surroundings.

To Finn's surprise, the couple occupied an alcove in the cavern. It rose steeply in the tunnel like the U-bend in a pipe, only to sink deeper into earth. The alcove afforded a bubble with enough air to breath, but not enough to linger. What's more, the cramped space meant Huntress Wizard was pressed against Finn, their faces inches apart.

Tilting her head to the side, Huntress Wizard asked, "How's that? Feeling any better?"

Weakly, Finn nodded his head.

"Y-Yeah." Finn took a few more depth breaths before he added. "How much further?"

Huntress Wizard shrugged nonchalantly.

"We're about halfway there. This is the only rest stop between Titania Falls and our destination."

The young hero blinked, then hung his head.

"Oh. Dammit." Finn coughed heavily. "This is... this is a lot, dude. I'm all for adventure, but I almost died back there. Really wish we brought scuba gear, or or or a magic submarine. What I wouldn't do for a flame spell right now."

Huntress Wizard pursed her lips. Finn was swimming worse than when they began. His movements were clumsy and his skin unhealthily pale. After decades as Alberon's protector and countless trips to Titania Falls, this journey was a walk in the park for Huntress Wizard. Perhaps she underestimated what a toll it would take on humans, even on heroes like Finn?

"Do you wanna turn back?"

That was the very last thing Huntress Wizard wanted, but Finn's safety was paramount. What would she do if he got hurt? Or died?

Finn, despite himself, shook his head.

"N-no, no. Ignore wh-what I said." Finn rapped his knuckles on his forehead and grinned, but there was an obvious stutter to his speech. He shivered from head-to-toe like a drowned dog. "I got the Dum-Dum Brain r-right now. Th-this is harder than I thought, but I've f-faced worse! Let's press on!"

"Hm."

Huntress Wizard tilted her head to one side. Even through the blindfold, her expression felt sharp as a knife.

"You sure? The next half is windier than a snake, so if you slow down too much, your lungs will pop like balloons."

Finn licked his lips. The adventurer inside him wanted to barrel through the tunnel, to risk the odds. How else could he call himself a hero? But Finn wasn't a naive teenager anymore; rushing recklessly into danger might be fun, but taking unnecessary risks was stupid. This wasn't a world-ending threat, but a friendly trip. Finn wished he had Huntress' map of the tunnel; it would be a great confidence booster.

At the same time, Finn remembered how Huntress looked at him. How earnest she was. This journey was important to her, so how could he deny her?

Nodding his head, Finn said, "Sure! Just give me a moment. Gotta take a deep breath."

Glancing around the alcove, Huntress Wizard frowned.

"The air is getting thin. Makes sense, not like there's any plants this deep down."

Grabbing Finn by the face, Huntress Wizard leaned closer. "Let's try this instead."

"Try wh—" asked Finn, right before Huntress Wizard kissed him full on the lips.

The kiss was warm, sweet, and tender. No matter how often they made out, Finn never got over how Huntress' lips felt. They were soft like pillows, yet firm like the earthy soil. Huntress' kiss felt like kissing a daffodil, the petals gentle on his skin, yet sweet with pollen. Finn could kiss Huntress Wizard forever; it felt that good.

Hungry for more, perhaps even desperate in this dark tomb that could lead to his demise, Finn prodded Huntress' lips to bid entrance. A moan escaped her, but she resisted temptation. With a deep breath, Huntress blew into Finn's mouth instead, flooding his lungs with oxygen.

Finn went stiff, but when the shock faded, he breathed back into Huntress' lungs. Like a scuba diver with their tank, the couple exchanged gasses until they reached equilibrium.

When their lips parted, connected by a trail of drool, Finn looked deeply at Huntress. Even with the blindfold, Finn felt her gaze.

“Woah. What spell was that?”

“It’s not magic.” Huntress Wizard shrugged. “Plants breathe differently than animals. While you need oxygen, I need carbon dioxide. So if you grow short of air, tug my arm thrice. We’ll kiss until you feel better. Okay?”

Finn relaxed muscles that he didn’t realize were tense. After everything that happened, this was a load off his mind. Yeah, he still felt chilled to the bone; the young hero would slay a dozen dragons if the reward was a blanket. Getting to breathe and kiss his beloved Huntress, however, was immensely satisfying.

With his cheeks burning almost as bright as Huntress’ spell, Finn said, “Y-yeah, s-sure! I’ll totally take you up on that offer!”

Huntress Wizard smirked.

“Yeah, thought you might. Brace yourself!”

With that, the couple dove into the water again. Huntress Wizard took the lead, guiding Finn through the tunnel. Due to her greenish glow, Finn found it easier to follow behind. There was less bumping against walls, which grew more narrow all the time, and Finn even admired how white chalk lined the walls like veins coursing across a giant stone heart.

More than that, Finn admired Huntress Wizard. Between her magic, science know-how, and stoic, yet charming demeanor, she was the full package. What hero couldn’t adore someone so strong, so skilled, so wise? With every passing day, Finn felt luckier to have Huntress Wizard in his life.

The view didn’t hurt either. Since their first meeting, Finn thought Huntress was pretty, like a magnificent mare that charged across the grasslands of Ooo. Her muscles were sleek, brimmed with power, and her long legs were plainly perfect. The curves simply enhanced this, and as Huntress swam deeper, Finn watched her ass sway back-and-forth with every kick.

*“I’m the luckiest guy in Ooo,”* thought Finn, his body hot enough to almost ignore the chilly water. Almost.

Eventually, the couple rounded a corner and reached a three-way split. One tunnel went left, the other right, and the last down. Huntress arced to the left and swam into a narrow tunnel, barely squeezing through with her ample bust.

Finn’s heart pumped harder.

*“... girls are awesome, but Huntress Wizard takes the cake. And probably ate it too.”* Finn smiled when the plant mage swam through another impasse, swimming upwards like a sparrow climbing into the heavens. Her fingertips dragged across the cave walls, searching for patterns in the stone. *“Besides, how many adventurers can navigate so easily? The dungeons Jake and I explore are nothing like this. They have clear routes and stuff. They’re not mazes.”*

The couple swam for a few minutes until the young hero felt a burning pain in his chest. Swimming harder, Finn caught up to Huntress Wizard and tugged her arm. In the blink of an eye, Huntress performed a backflip, pulled Finn close, and kissed him deeply. Those petal-soft lips pressed against him, extinguishing the pain.

*“She’s got lips sweeter than a puppy’s kiss,”* thought Finn as blessed oxygen filled his lungs. His hands held hers as their bodies became an intimate circuit of adoration, spit, and air. Finn’s brain melted into pudding and it took a lotta trouble to wrestle back clear thoughts. *“Wait. I should join Huntress on adventures more often. We could smooch all the time!”*

When Huntress Wizard inevitably peeled herself away, Finn admired this wondrous girl. She shone like an angel in the darkness, guiding Finn as a shimmery light.

*"I hafta be with her more."*

As if sensing Finn's innermost desires, Huntress Wizard swam faster through the tunnel. They curved left, then right. At one point, a knotted web of roots punctured through the walls, likely from a massive tree above. Huntress spread the roots apart with a wave of her hand, leaving archaic runes trailing behind her fingertips. The gape was narrow, but Finn fit through. The roots scratched something fierce.

Mercifully, his boing-longs were spared.

Eventually, the veiny white walls gave way to millions upon millions of tiny crystals, which coated the tunnel like a giant geode. This deep, the sun had never reached these crystals; the ethereal glow of Huntress' form was the only light they'd ever known. Rainbows glimmered off the crystals in a cascade of brilliance; Finn marveled at the aurora like the Northern Lights. Some strange, special feeling rose in Finn's chest, imagining that they explored some grand, earthen giant from the dawn of time.

This adventure... It felt remarkable. Beautiful. More special than a mere dungeon crawl. Finn would remember today for the rest of his life, even if he didn't slay monsters.

Alas, time wasn't on their side. Even if they could swap air and spit forever, the water grew deathly cold. Between the frigid temperature and the purple-and-blue crystals everywhere, it felt like they entered the Ice Kingdom. Worse, the downward angle of the tunnel only guided them deeper.

If they didn't reach dry land soon, Finn would turn into a popsicle. That, or hit the mantle and discover a hotter place than the Fire Kingdom.

Luckily, after what felt like eternity, the tunnel curved upwards. It climbed higher than most turns, so with hope burning in his chest, Finn swam like a salmon until he hit the surface. Huntress followed suit, spraying water everywhere like a geyser. Harsh gasps echoed in the cave, followed by strangled coughs.

"That was... intense! Do you do this often?" said Finn. He coughed up globs of water, trying not to hack up a lung.

"Only... once a season. You get... used to it," said Huntress Wizard. Despite her words, the plant mage shivered like a leaf. Clearly the cold bothered her more than she let on.

Once on shore, the couple explored the cave. Much like the tunnel, the cave was awash in crystals: amethyst stalactites hung from above while turquoise stalagmites erupted from the floor. There were tunnels large enough to house dragons and tunnels small enough to hide a mouse. Together, the cave feels like a honeycomb beehive, calm and peaceful, where the only sound was the occasional *drip-drop* of water.

Holding Finn's hand, Huntress Wizard squeezed it firmly. She walked with confidence, trailing her fingertips across the crystalline walls for support.

"Come. It's this way."

Finn followed... briefly. The couple took ten paces before Finn slumped over. He leaned on Huntress' shoulder and almost hit the floor before she caught him.

"Woah woah woah. What's wrong?" Huntress Wizard put a hand to Finn's face. Behind the blindfold, Huntress Wizard furrowed her brow. Finn felt cold. No, he was clammy as a corpse. "Oh dear."

"Yeah, I..." Finn breathed heavily, the vapor of his breath forming from his lips. "It's... not great."



Without hesitation, Huntress Wizard laid Finn down to rest. They leaned against the crystalline walls, tucked away in a cranny that was smooth to the touch. Cradling one another, the adventurers shared their body heat.

"I'm sorry, Finn. This is my fault." Huntress Wizard frowned. With a wave of her hand, she summoned a green fireball. It didn't burn like the undying pits of the Fire Kingdom, nor the unrelenting heat of the Scorcher, but like the first rays of dawn. Nestled between them, the green fire slowly kindled the chill from their bones. "I got ahead of myself. I wanted to share this place with you so bad that I ignored your needs. Meat bods are fragile."

The young hero shook his head. He shivered from head-to-toe, struggling to stay warm.

"It's okay. Everything from the forest, the waterfall. The crystal tunnel. Even the bears!" Finn chuckled weakly. The green flame burnt gently upon his chest, keeping his heart warm. Finn's eyes grew heavy and he struggled to stay awake. At these temperatures, sleep was death. "Today's been fun. Not every adventure needs to be a ripsnorting, hootin' tootin' good time! Thanks... for bringing me."

The nymph smiled sweetly. What a brave, foolish hero. Her hero.

"Are you sure I'm the crazy one in this... yeah?"

Finn chuckled again, but it was short-lived. The young hero pressed himself closer to Huntress Wizard, burying his face between her breasts. His cheeks flushed at Huntress' curves, but undefiable survival instincts kept him there, against basic etiquette.

Not that Huntress Wizard minded. She enjoyed Finn being this close, annual heat or not. It afforded Huntress the chance to hear Finn's heart beat, *pitter-patter pitter-patter*, beside hers. What lovely music.

She pumped more magic into the green flame for good measure. Their cores returned to normal temperature, and although their limbs felt heavy like bricks, their fingers didn't turn blue. What a mercy, that.

Once Finn stepped back from Death's door, he pulled himself from Huntress' breast. He cast a gaze over her, admiring her beauty. How she remained steadfast, even in the face of death. How she remained patient, despite Finn's fragility. How the flowers on her branches shimmered ethereal pink, deep within the earth's guts.

Huntress Wizard was so strong... So why did she hesitate inviting him here?

Gently, Finn brushed her leafy bangs aside. Huntress caught the hand when he did it twice.

"What are you looking at?" asked Huntress Wizard. Even through the blindfold, Finn felt her gaze pierce him like arrows.

"The greatest hunter in Ooo. Who else?" said Finn. He pumped a fist and thought to himself. "*Smooth one, dude! Jake's 101 Step Guide to Wooing Ladies finally paid off!*"

Huntress Wizard cracked a smile.

"Would the greatest hunter in Ooo nearly kill you on an adventure?"

"Those are the best kinds of adventures."

Huntress Wizard rolled her eyes behind the blindfold. Talk about cheesy.

"Shut up, dude."

Carefully, Finn rolled off Huntress Wizard and rested at her side. They held hands as the green flame warmed their bodies. Casting his gaze skyward, Finn beheld the mesmerizing cave. Everything from the purple crystals above to how the light shimmered off them was gorgeous. Almost as gorgeous as the woman beside him; Finn admired nature harder, ignoring the huge melons that rose and fell with Huntress' every breath.

*“Her growth spurt is weird,”* thought Finn. He prayed to Glob that Huntress didn’t notice how fresh life stirred in Mini-Finn. *“If it was a spell, that’s one thing; Marceline makes herself thicker all the time. But does spring really hit nymphs so hard? The water nymphs don’t change.”*

It's not like Finn could ask again. That would be suspicious. He needed to trust Huntress Wizard. After all, he trusted her to guide him down here.

More importantly, would she allow him to behold these magnificent mounds again? Today was special, the cave demanded nudity or whatever, but could Finn see Huntress’ boobs? Like, everyday? Could he touch them? Kiss them? Squeeze them? They were softer than clouds, felt squishy when pressed against his chest, and oozed femininity. They made Finn feel warm and fuzzy inside, like a schoolboy returning home for the first time.

Despite himself, Finn found his gaze tilting away from the cave. He studied Huntress, drinking in her form. Those boobs were pure rapture. Those muscular thighs radiated strength. Those hips were to die for, and her crotch was thick as a bush.

Perfection.

“Finn?”

The young hero’s head jerked skyward, guiltily blushing. Through the blindfold, Finn felt the quiet intensity of Huntress’ gaze. The stoic mask remained on her face, but a mixture of hope and curiosity tinged Huntress’ tone.

“Y-Yeah?” Finn managed to croak out. “What’s up?”

Huntress Wizard opened her mouth, then shut it. Her lips pursed. The hesitation spoke volumes. Today really was special, if it left Huntress searching for words.

Finally, Huntress Wizard said, “What... Do you know much about plants? Like flowers, bees, pollen and the spring?”

“Uh. Can you be more specific?”

Huntress Wizard rolled over and pressed herself against Finn. The ample breasts felt soft against Finn’s chest, like marshmallows turning golden brown over a fire. The nipples touched, teasing each other, and there came the faintest slosh of sap.

More pressingly, Finn’s member slipped between Huntress’ legs. Mini-Finn went from half-mast to fully erect, the hard meat kissing Huntress’ emerald folds. A profound sense of warmth enveloped Finn, more than any fire. It took all his self-control not to thrust his hips, especially as a sticky fluid oozed across his flesh.

Finn froze, unsure what to do next. Surely Huntress felt fiery desire burning in her chest. Yet the plant mage remained stoic; at worst, her breath hitched.

“I mean, when flowers unfold and welcome bees to collect pollen. Why do they do that?” When Finn answered with silence, his face red-hot, Huntress groaned. She pointed at herself. “Look! I’m the flower and you’re the bee! Don’t you wanna collect my pollen? You, you... this is flying right over your head, isn’t it?”

“Uh, yeah?” Said Finn, his mind clouded by lust.

Huntress Wizard clicked her tongue, then with a smooth motion, rolled from Finn’s arms. On her feet, she dusted herself off and disappeared deeper into the tunnel.

“Never mind. I suck at metaphors. It’ll be easier to show you. This way.”

Finn pulled himself upright and followed after Huntress, his brow twisted into knots. Perhaps it was hormones, but Finn wondered why they stopped when on the cusp of... what? What did he expect to happen, exactly?

*“Did you see how she looked at me?”* thought Finn. *“It was like fire!”*

Really? Huntress doesn’t care about nudity. Why should touching you be any different?

*"Come on, she was laughing at my jokes. Giving doe eyes. She was into it!"*

She was having a good time. That's all. You go on dates all the time.

*"She was straddling my crotch! She wanted a ride!"*

Does she know what that means? Huntress grew up in a forest, raised by wolves or junk. Aren't you reading too much into this?

Finn shook his head. He wouldn't debate with himself over this; it went nowhere fast. Instead, he peered around the tunnel, admiring how Huntress' magical light made the walls shimmer like diamonds. What's more, the walls shifted from opaque shades of purple and blue to crystal clear as glass, illuminating other tunnels in the cave.

"You know, this reminds me a lot of the Crystal Dimension," said Finn in an offhand tone. He stroked the crystalline walls, noting how despite the unfathomably deep they were, the walls grew warmer by the second. It took his mind off the raging heat that scorched Finn's loins. "Really brings back memories."

Huntress Wizard paused for the briefest moment, only to press onward.

"Wait. You know about the Crystal Dimension?"

The young hero nodded.

"Yeah. One time, I was dragged there to marry Tree Trunks, who went crazy from eating a cursed apple! Talk about an adventure." Finn shivered, and not from the cold that lingered.

"Plus Lady Rainicorn was born in the Crystal Dimension and Jake & her vacation there."

"Hm. Interesting." Huntress stroked the crystalline wall, dragging her fingertips across the smooth stone. Whatever she touched shone with the green light that illuminated her body.

"That's because they are. This cave, this place... it's connected to the Crystal Dimension. That's partly why it's sacred to Alberon."

Raising an eyebrow, Finn said, "What's the other reason?"

"Oh. It's a tomb."

The young hero's eyes grew wide, then narrowed.

"What? A tomb?" Finn looked around the tunnel. He didn't spot any skeletons, tombstones, nor urns. Nothing to suggest he was exploring long-lost catacombs. "Are you sure? Usually, I don't explore tombs. They're full of necromancers, and those guys suck butts."

A soft chuckle escaped Huntress Wizard. It always surprised her what taboos Finn would and wouldn't cross. Most souls avoided tombs for fear of disrespecting the dead, or a deep-seated paranoia that they'd drop dead too. It's how normies think about the world. Heroes like Finn, however, worked on a different wavelength, whether they hated undead, owed their immortal soul to a demon, or got on Death's bad side.

That's part of what Huntress liked about Finn. He was different. Not her kinda different, but... close enough.

Casually, Huntress Wizard rolled her hand on the wrist.

"Don't worry, you won't find any necromancers here. I promise."

Still leading the way, Huntress Wizard rounded a corner and disappeared from sight. Finn hurried along, worried that she'd walk headlong into a wall from the blindfold, only to collide with Huntress' back. The couple bounced off each other and stumbled on the spot.

"Whoops! Sorry, sorry!" Finn chuckled awkwardly and waved an apologetic hand. "Didn't see yah there."

Leaning against a wall, Huntress Wizard said, "Accidents happen. More importantly..."

Huntress Wizard swept a hand through the air.

"We're here."

Silently, Finn's jaw fell open as his eyes grew wide as plates. Sprawling before them, stretched from horizon to horizon in a grand valley, was a splendorous forest. Everything here, from the willow trees made of tourmaline that billowed like umbrellas to the emerald ivy that creeped across the ground, was made of crystal. Bushes made of jade twinkled brilliantly, branches that stretched from tree-to-tree held ruby apples and jasper peaches, and even the roots that formed knotted patchwork shone like agates.

More remarkable, however, was that the forest was alive. The trees swayed in a breeze, amazonite leaves pinwheeled gracefully to the ground, and flowers of every color faced the light. A sunstone larger than a chandelier hung from the ceiling, glowing a vivid, fiery yellow-orange, casting its inner light everywhere. The cold was swept from Finn's bones, warming him like he stood under the sun proper.

Why, even the animals were crystal! An onyx raccoon scurried through the underbrush, searching for food, while a family of moonstone squirrels made a home in a nearby tree. Cardinals made of carnelian flew through the sky, defying every sense of logic, and opal fish swam through a river that cut through the forest. A mighty waterfall at the back of the forest poured precious aquamarines ceaselessly, roaring like rapids.

The forest was a wonderland of crystalline life, all contained in a vast valley that dwarfed any cave known to Ooo. Finn stood speechless, drinking in the rapturous beauty; this enough to steal the breath of even the most seasoned adventurer.

Gently, Huntress Wizard closed Finn's jaw with a finger.

"Careful, or you'll swallow a bug. One you can't digest."

*"Unlike certain princesses,"* thought Huntress Wizard with a smirk.

Breathing deeply, Finn pointed at the crystal forest.

"Hah? Uh? Gah?" said Finn, most intelligently. Huntress Wizard nodded her head.

"I know, I know." She folded her arms across her chest. "It's pretty wonderful, right? When I was a tiny sprout, I thought so too."

Finn plucked a fallen leaf off the ground. It was solid as stone, yet its green luster steadily turned brown as amazonite became bronzite.

"This leaf. This place. This forest!" Finn waved his arms around like a lame duck. "It was under Alberon, this whole time!? How did I never know!?"

Huntress Wizard shrugged.

"I told you, Alberon has many secrets. We try not to advertise too much." For a second, Huntress Wizard's face grew dark. "Who knows what villains would do if they knew about the Forest of the Lovers?"

"Gesundheit?"

"The Forest of the Lovers," said Huntress Wizard in a matter-of-fact tone. She pointed to the far eastern edge of the forest. Against the crystalline wall was a tunnel, smaller than most, small enough to slip past notice until one knew it was there. "I said this place was a tomb, right? Well, the Forest of the Lovers is part of it. That's why we're here, to visit the tomb."

The faintest emerald blush illuminated Huntress Wizard's cheeks. She twiddled a patch of leaves in her hair.

"Call me a softie, but I... appreciate the tomb. Almost as much as the forest itself!" Tilting her head away from Finn, Huntress Wizard's voice dropped by an octave or three, until her voice was the faintest whisper. "Because it's about a, er... classic *Romeo & Juliet* story."

"Who?" asked Finn. He tilted his head to one side, perplexed.

While the young hero wasn't an idiot, Finn wasn't a book reader either. Unless it had cool pictures and kickass action, Finn preferred to spend his time going on actual adventures. As such, the Great Bard's tales were unknown to him. Once, Finn saw *Macbeth* in the Theater Kingdom, but fell asleep when the second act rolled around.

Personally, Huntress Wizard only learned about *Romeo & Juliet* during her time in Wizard City. The Grandmaster Wizard was a huge Shakespeare fan and collected the few copies of the Great Bard's works that survived the Mushroom War. He hosted plays in the Battle Arena, mostly by forcing fellow wizards onto stage like the world's hairiest director. It blew raspberries, but Huntress learned a lot.

She always played the Tree. She was a *good* Tree.

With a chuckle, Huntress Wizard rolled her eyes. "You goofball... well, to spare you hours of backstory, I'll keep it simple."

Huntress Wizard cleared her throat and gestured to the crystalline cave. In a deep, grandiose voice, she said, "Long ago, a nymph and a crystal prince met in this forest. It was a bridge between worlds, where beautiful crystal was brought to life by Alberon's magic. In turn, the plants live eternally. And despite their differences, the nymph and prince became friends and eventually fell in love."

Huntress Wizard clenched her hands. Her tone grew darker, her brow heavy with rage. The mood shift was enough to pull Finn's gaze off the crystal forest, though that brought the dilemma of not ogling Huntress' massive chest.

"But the gods forbade their union! Nymphs and Crystallians were never meant to mingle! So the gods sought to destroy their love by collapsing the bridge!"

Huntress Wizard sighed and hugged herself. Her head hung low.

"... much of the crystal forest was burned. This is a grove compared to what it once was. The divine flames scorched everything, and almost took Alberon with it. If things had ended differently, maybe I wouldn't..."

Huntress Wizard spun on her heel. She marched over to Finn and took his hands, squeezing them tight. Caught up in the passion of the moment, the plant mage recited loudly, practically spitting in Finn's face.

"The foolish gods! Don't they know? Love conquers all! With their undying adoration, the lovers cast a powerful spell that quenched the flames and saved their beloved forest. It cost them everything, but their spirits live on, together in eternal embrace!"

Huntress Wizard swept a hand across the crystal forest, embracing its brilliant beauty. In particular, she pointed at the tunnel, half-hidden by the forest's glow. When Finn eyed it closer, he spotted a pair of columns carved from the stone, large braziers that burned with green flame, and a monolithic heart above the tunnel entrance, made of rose quartz.

"That's the Tomb of the Lovers. Those who conquered the odds, saved precious nature, and forged a path all their own.

Huntress Wizard sniffled ever-so-softly. To Finn's shock, the blindfold was stained with tears. He held out a hand, only to pull back. If he pointed out that Huntress Wizard was crying, she'd deny it. Maybe kick his butt too, for the insult.

Gulping hard, Huntress Wizard said, "... isn't that a great story?"

Finn nodded and said, "Yeah, it's awesome! These Lovers sound like total heroes. But, well..."

"Well what?"

Finn shrugged awkwardly.

“Well, you clearly like the story. A lot more than the ballads, epic poems, and fairytales you’ve told me over the years. How come?”

Huntress Wizard’s lips twitched. Oh Grod, she was awfully worked up. Her mask slipped, and that was the one thing noble beasts couldn’t allow. Adjusting the blindfold so the stains weren’t visible, Huntress Wizard coughed into her fist.

“Yeah, I’m alright! I just... feel a strong kinship with the Lovers. They protected this forest, I protect Alberon. They were brave in the face of discrimination, people call me a weirdo. They found love in a hopeless place, and we...”

The plant mage stopped dead. She stared at Finn as if the blindfold wasn’t even there. Finn stared back.

‘Love.’ What a funny word. Over the years, it rarely came up, and mostly when Finn told Huntress Wizard ‘I love you.’ Huntress avoided the word like a plague; at best, she said Finn loved her. Love was a powerful emotion that made people weak. It made them blubbery, teary-eyed messes when heartbroken; love left people empty-headed fools when it was in bloom; and it drove people mad like blood-starved beasts when betrayed.

Love changed people and the world, and Huntress Wizard hated it. If she must change, Huntress would do it on her terms. No one else’s. She liked Finn; that much was undeniable. Losing control, losing her mask, breaking down until her emotions spilled out like a waterfall, however? That was unacceptable.

And to think, that forbidden word nearly slipped past Huntress’ lips like it was nothing.

“Um.” Finn rubbed the back of his head awkwardly. “Huntress? Are you... okay? Today has been a fun, wild adventure, don’t get me wrong! But you’ve seemed... distracted a whole lot. What’s going on? Really?”

The young man gestured to the Forest of the Lovers. To Huntress’ bombshell body and to his own nudity. This was weird, right? Who’d go to all this trouble just to visit a tomb? More was happening here, and the time for pussyfooting around was over.

This much Huntress Wizard knew. Her cheeks burned emerald green, brighter than the bioluminescence that enveloped her body. Her mouth open-and-fell and she took a step back. Huntress never retreated; it was a sign of weakness, and she hated herself for it.

*“Tell him. Tell him now, or he’ll never respect you again,”* thought Huntress Wizard. Slowly, she nodded her head, and with a heavy sigh, she committed the cardinal sin.

“Finn...?”

“Yeah?”

With a deep breath, Huntress Wizard stood tall. Her mind was sharp, her nerves taut, and she radiated the same killer instinct as a cougar ready to pounce. With a hand over her breast, Huntress Wizard spoke bluntly.

“Finn, I am horny right now. So Glob-forsaken horny. I’m wetter than the ocean, hungrier than a starving lion, and my loins burn like a raging firestorm. I’ve felt this way all month.”

Finn’s eyes grew wide.

“Uh? Okay?”

A sharp hiss escaped Huntress Wizard, seeping through her teeth. She strangled the air until ebony claws erupted from her fingertips.

“You don’t know how hard it was! Keeping it a secret! All the time, I just wanna... fuck! Fuck fuck fuck! I wanna fuck in the grass! I wanna fuck in the treetops! I want someone to bend me over and ram me like a horse! My body wants to rock back-and-forth until precious mews escape my lips!”

Huntress Wizard stomped the ground. The crystal floor was much too tough to shatter, but she gave it the ol' college try.

"Normies have it so easy! Bitches like Breakfast Princess might like sex, but this heat... this unquenchable fire! It's ten times worse! They treat sex like a game, like who wants who, who's got the biggest boobs, whether someone is a hottie or unfuckable!" Huntress Wizard paced back-and-forth, whipping her arms in the air like scythes. "What does it matter? The body wants what it wants! Why overcomplicate things? What fools!"

There came a sharp crack like bark splitting from a tree. Huntress Wizard snapped her head towards Finn, her fearsome snarl evaporating into thin air. Behind the blindfold, Huntress' eyes shimmered with emerald light as the bioluminescence spell faded away.

"And Finn? I want you."

Like a cougar stalking its prey, Huntress Wizard approached Finn. He backed away, weary of her tone, but she followed with ease. The blindfold did nothing; the plant mage's senses were heightened to the limit. She heard Finn's heart pound inside his chest, she felt his feet hit the ground. She saw the faintest outline through the black cloth.

Most importantly, she smelled his arousal.

Hands aloft, Finn smiled nervously.

"Uh, Huntress Wizard? Thanks for... saying all that. Sharing is caring, like Jake says." Finn chuckled weakly. "But you seem pretty steamed right now and you've grown claws and I'd rather not have my throat torn out."

Tilting her head to the side, Huntress Wizard smirked.

"Really? So you don't want me? You don't wanna plow my fertile land with your thick, manly meat? Haven't you been ogling these massive boobs all day? Or these plump hips?" Huntress Wizard ran both hands across her nubile body, stroking the green skin lovingly. When she reached the round melons, she squeezed them tight. Divots formed in the soft flesh between each finger, and with a shake, the tulips on Huntress' branches oozed with a golden pollen. "Don't think I didn't notice. Mini-Finn wants me bad, doesn't he?"

Finn couldn't deny he was at full mast. Hard as a rock, the member pointed straight out, jutting at Huntress Wizard like a compass points north. It locked onto the nymph's womanhood, which exuded a thick musk that tickled Finn's nostrils like gossamer fingers.

The young hero gulped hard.

"I-I didn't say that!" Finn waved both hands in the air. "It's just, these vibes right now? They're not setting the mood, ehehehe..."

The plant nymph stopped in her tracks. She shook her head and flexed her fingers. Huntress Wizard sighed before the claws retracted out of sight.

"... you're right. I got carried away. It's just... gah! I've felt bottled up for so long!" Huntress Wizard buried her face in her hands, only to tug at the corners of the blindfold "... what I said was true. I want you, Finn, and you want me. In the cave, I was ready to jump your bones. Ride you like the magnificent stallion you are. I just... needed to show this place first."

Finn strongly suspected the reason, but he wanted to hear it from Huntress herself. Folding his arms across his chest, Finn said, "Yeah? Why's that?"

Taking a deep breath, Huntress Wizard waved to the universe in general

"Before we met, there were others. Heroes, adventurers, champions who tried to win me over. They wanted to prove what 'alpha males' they were, how they were the top dog in town." Huntress Wizard stuck out her tongue, gagging at the memory. "Blowhards, every last one. They treated me like a trophy to be won. That, or another notch in the bedpost."

Huntress Wizard idly kicked a stone. It didn't give her any pleasure, but it landed in the river with a satisfying *splash*. How aquamarines made the sound, nobody knew.

Head bowed, Huntress Wizard continued.

"... then you came along."

Swiveling on her heel, she turned back to Finn. The blindfold came off neatly, and Huntress cast it aside. Finn couldn't bring himself to care.

"You helped me during a time when I was lost, and for what? No treasure, no princess, nothing. You didn't know me." Huntress shook her head and gave a light laugh. "You had genuine compassion. It's what you make strong deep in your guts, Finn. Just as much as courage, grit, and wit."

With a seductive saunter, Huntress Wizard approached Finn. Her pace was cool, smooth, graceful even. It wasn't the animalistic prowl from before, but the walk of an earnest lover. When Huntress touched Finn's chest and ran her fingers across his skin, it tingled pleasantly, and his loins quivered something fierce. The only off-putting factor were Huntress' eyes, which shimmered like emeralds, but the magical glow gave them an alluring, mysterious vibe.

It felt like Huntress saw right through Finn. Maybe she did?

"What's more, you're a majestic beast. Just like me. You jump headlong into danger, fearing nothing. You protect the weak and downtrodden. You're patient, sweet, a good friend." Huntress Wizard waved around at the crystal forest. "Heck, you nearly froze to death today! Because I asked you to! You value what I cherish! Not every guy can say that."

Letting out a sigh, Huntress Wizard smiled.

"So, I brought you here. To one of the most magical places in Ooo. It's special to me. There's even a rumor that the Lovers will bless any couple who pays homage to their tomb." Taking Finn by the shoulders, Huntress Wizard pulled him close. While her hefty chest pressed against the young hero's blushing face, she weaved her fingers through Finn's golden locks. "Aah, such lovely locks. Is there anything manlier than beautiful hair?"

Gently, Huntress Wizard slipped the girthy member between her legs, grinding her thicc thighs along its length. The flesh felt soft against Finn's hardness and feminine fluids soaked it, coating it in womanly desire.

"So? What will it be, hero?" Huntress Wizard whispered in Finn's ear. "Will you slay this monstrous heat for me? May I be your princess, if only once?"

Finn breathed heavily, his chest rising and falling in waves. He quivered from head-to-toe, feeling a fire scorch his very essence. The young hero pulled Huntress Wizard into an embrace, and like a feral beast, he tackled her to the ground.

Huntress Wizard let out a sweet cry, even as Finn mashed his lips against hers. Like tangled worms, their tongues danced in-and-out of each other's mouths, letting them moan huskily.

Between breaths, sweet giggles escaped the lovers as a heady haze enveloped them.

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How long the lovemaking lasted, the couple couldn't say. Time slipped through their fingers like sand. The whole world stood still, awestruck by their beautiful union. Fiery passion scorched the couple's bodies, setting their nerves ablaze until they melded into one great beast, writhing and howling in heat.



Their hands went everywhere. Finn's fingers sank into the yielding flesh of that bountiful bosom while Huntress Wizard stroked those taut abs. Faces were held, nipples were teased, and butts were slapped. Huntress rubbed her thighs across Finn's, reveling in each contour of muscle. Finn ran his hands across Huntress' back, savoring the elegant curves. Sparks flew from every fingertip, making the young hero's body sing the cosmic electric.

"This is... this is wild!" said Finn, breathing heavily. "Is this what sex feels like?"

"Guess so! Such a rush, right?" said Huntress Wizard. Grabbing Finn's shoulders, she thrust her lips against his. Their tongues wrapped around each other, battling for dominance. Huntress Wizard tasted primal, like the maw of a blood-soaked beast, and faintly of wet cabbage. Finn tasted like apples with a side of bacon. Did he visit Tree Trunks earlier?

Huntress groaned into Finn's mouth, twisting her head to lean deeper into the kiss. Summoning magic from her deepest reservoir, Huntress's teeth grew sharp as knives and nibbled Finn's lips, his neck, his everything. She would mark her mate as her own. At the same time, Huntress' arms slide down Finn's frame while burying him beneath her bosom. Finn was pressed against the forest floor, amazed that a bed of moonstone moss felt cushy, much like a bed.

Delicately, Huntress' hand took hold of Mini-Finn. The lovers had touched each other; Huntress pumped Mini-Finn until he sprayed like a glorious geyser and Finn fingered Huntress until she writhed in a puddle of feminine fluid. For all their lovemaking, however, they didn't commit to bareback.

Not yet.

Rearing up high like a cougar claiming a fresh kill, Huntress Wizard climbed atop Finn. She bit her bottom lip and positioned her bushy crotch over his. Finn gulped hard, eyeing her huge knockers as they swayed from side-to-side. Huntress' lower lips soaked his groin with their damp heat, emanating a virile power that was irresistible.

"Huntress... are you sure?" asked Finn. The young hero gulped hard. Doubt yet lingered in his heart. This was a huge step to take in their relationship. Tier Fifteen was serious business! Finn loved Huntress Wizard, more than he loved anyone.

Still, what if they globbed up? Finn had gambled on romance before and totally blew it. His crush on Bubblegum was a childish fantasy, but he really hurt Phoebe. He didn't want that to happen with Huntress Wizard. Breaking her heart, ruining what made their bond one-of-a-kind... it couldn't happen again.

Heavy breaths escaped Huntress Wizard, making her ample chest bounce. Everything, from the way Mini-Finn rubbed her loins to Finn's immaculate hair, muscles, and face, everything aroused her. An insatiable beast dwelled in her heart, craving nothing but pleasure. Such a primal behemoth was unstoppable, even to a skilled hunter like herself. She must feed it and feed it now.

Only Finn's doubt kept her at bay.

"Finn..." Huntress Wizard nodded her head. She put a hand over her heart. "All my life, I've felt alone. I felt alone with the Spirit of the Forest. I felt alone with my flower nymph sisters. Wizard City was a huge waste of time! It... it feels like there's a wall between me and people."

She stroked Finn's collarbone, savoring each bite mark she left on his sun-burnt neck. Every twitch from Mini-Finn stirred the beast and made her crotch ooze with womanly juices. What joy it brought, to be wanted. To be desired. To claim someone's devotion.

Leaning over Finn, Huntress Wizard smiled a most tender smile. The emerald sheen of her eyes shone like lights in the dark and her teeth shimmered like ivory blades. She was a beast, plain and simple, and Finn adored her.

“But with you? There are no walls. It's only us.” Huntress Wizard quivered like a leaf. Her face twitched, overcome with emotion. Control was impossible; the mask had fallen off. This felt scary, and yet... It felt like a weight fell off Huntress' shoulders. What a glorious thing, to be in love. “Let's be one. You and me? That's all I need.”

Finn gulped hard. His heart pounded like a drum and power flowed through his veins. Mini-Finn rose to his fullest length and shook with virile tremors. It pressed squarely against Huntress' abdomen, thick enough that she could scarcely wrap her fingers around its girth.

“I... I feel the same.” Finn lightly thrust his hips, making Huntress bounce on his lap. “Let's... take the plunge.”

With no further permission, Huntress Wizard rose in her seat. In the same motion, she guided the manhood towards her snatch. When the fat, throbbing tip kissed the womanhood, which drooled over the crystalline floor, Huntress paused.

“It's about to happen. I'm gonna steal your virginity. Say bye-bye to the life of a bachelor.” A bestial growl escaped the plant mage. She huskily whispered into Finn's ear. “Welcome to Tier Fifteen.”

Then, with a powerful thrust, Huntress Wizard shoved her hips down and swallowed Finn's cock whole.

Immediately, the couple was enveloped in mind-blowing ecstasy. Handjobs didn't hold a candle to this. Synapses fired at unbelievable strength, scorching their nerves like a wildfire. White-hot pleasure surged up Huntress' backside as her innermost sanctum was penetrated, making her gasp sharply. Her eyes flew open, drool spat from her mouth, and muscles squeezed. This was intense like being struck with arrows, but far more satisfying.

Finn felt similarly. Huntress' inner walls were mind-bogglingly tight, yet smooth as silk. They hugged Mini-Finn like they'd never let go, smothering the member with pillows and lace. The blazing insides warmed Finn's soul like a child shaking off winter's chill by the fireside, while a river of feminine fluid swept him away.

The first thrust was always the most intense, and it turned the couple's brains to jelly.

“Ooh! Oooh!” said Finn.

“Aaah! Aaaaah!” said Huntress Wizard.

The couple remained still, processing these intense sensations. There was a lot to unpack. Only when Finn descended from Cloud 9 to Cloud 8 did he thrust his hips, driven by instinct. He must get closer, he must embrace this bliss! Further further further!

Huntress Wizard's breath hitched as Finn pounded her pussy. She quivered on the spot, tears rolling down her face. The beast was finally fed, but its hunger grew and grew and grew.

“*Must... have more!*” thought Huntress Wizard.

With that, she thrust her hips too, sliding herself up-and-down the member's length. Powerful as pistons, Huntress' booty all-but shoved Finn to the floor. They moved in tandem, never breaking from their partner, but Huntress' position made her dominant. For every thrust, Huntress bounced on Finn's cock thrice.

“Sweet... glob! This is amazing!” said Huntress Wizard. Her breasts bounced up-and-down, jostled by the passionate lovemaking. “Why was I worried? Sex is amazing!”

“I know!” Finn winced as his manly sword parted Huntress' inner walls, stabbing her with its red-hot blade. “This is.... Aaah!”

The lovers, unified in body and mind, stopped speaking. Only horny howls and moans escaped their lips. The wet, hearty smacks of flesh upon flesh twisted between the trees and

echoed throughout the forest. Such sweet sounds resounded like music in the enchanted wood, enough to make bismuth bees buzz and meteorite marigolds gleam with ethereal hues.

Gently, Finn took Huntress Wizard's hand. He laced his fingers with hers and stroked the hand with a thumb. The other hand weaved around and grasped the plant nymph's perky butt, squeezing the spongy assmeat. When a feverish whine escaped Huntress' throat, Finn stroked the fleshy doughnut and made the asshole pucker.

When their eyes met, it felt like they read each other's mind.

*"This isn't the only hole I'm gonna pork today."*

*"You wouldn't dare!"*

*"Oh yeah? I adore every inch of you. Inside--"*

Finn thrust his hips extra hard, so hard that Huntress Wizard nearly flew off his lap. A sharp gasp escaped the plant nymph, who's vision went foggy.

*"-- and out."*

*"Bad little boy!"* A bestial snarl escaped Huntress' throat. *"Two can play at that game!"*

Licking her lips, Huntress Wizard opened her maw wide. Drool rolled down her chin, then fell off in globs. The drool splattered on the forest floor, but when it struck the mossy bed, it hissed sharply. Inches from Finn's head, the young hero watched as the acidic saliva chewed through the moonstone moss like water melting sugar.

Finn's head whipped back to Huntress Wizard. She grinned toothily.

*"Careful. There's a rainstorm on the horizon!"*

Over and over, Huntress Wizard drooled over Finn. The acid ate through rock with ease, leaving holes and trails of steam in its wake. She was careful not to hit Finn, but visceral fear coursed through his veins like fire. Finn's excitement hit another peak and his cock flared large, spreading Huntress' tight walls wider.

A husky moan escaped Huntress Wizard and her back arched. Fuck, that felt good.

To take revenge, Finn pounded Huntress Wizard harder, ramming his member like a jackhammer. Such intense pleasure surged across the nymph's spine that her tongue lolled out, limp and useless.

Eventually, the fat tip kissed the entrance to Huntress' womb, swapping fluids with it. Mind-blowing joy coursed through the lovers' veins, enough that they tingled from head-to-toe. Her breath coming in waves, Huntress Wizard's chest rose-and-fell like twin mountains rocked by earthquakes, jostling until the nipples stood stiff. Her inner muse wanted to compose a ballad about this delight, how it coursed through Huntress' veins. How a hole Huntress didn't know she had was finally full.

There was no time. No time to compare Finn to a majestic lion, no time to whisper sweet nothings. There was only them, pleasure, and the beast.

Driven by instinct, Huntress rode Finn long-and-hard like the glorious stallion he was. She bounced her hips up-and-down until wet *plap plaps* echoed in her ears. Her boobs swayed with an almost hypnotic effect; Finn couldn't look away. She adored having his full attention. Finn was her mate, chosen by fate and each other. No princess could ever claim him.

"Finn, Finn, Finn..." said Huntress Wizard with husky moans. Her eyes clenched shut, the plant mage fully embraced the moment. "Waited... so long for this! No longer! You're mine, Finn. We are mates! Tell me... am I yours too?"

Finn released Huntress' hand and butt and instead wrapped both arms around her back, holding her in a tight embrace. With Finn as her anchor, the plant nymph was free to bounce as

wildly as she wanted. In turn, Finn swiveled his hips from side-to-side, grinding against those velvety walls. His face buried into the plant nymph's cleavage, Finn was muffled by her fat tits.

"Huntressmth... yes. Am... yours..."

The plant nymph's mind short-circuited at Finn's declaration. She was so happy. Impossibly happy. It should be illegal to feel so happy. Yes, Finn was free to choose his own fate, but... he chose her. Out of everyone in Ooo, he chose to be her mate.

*"Sweet Alberon, I love this man,"* thought Huntress Wizard as hearts filled her vision.

Sweat rolled across the lovers' bodies, trying to cool them down. It didn't help much. Finn licked Huntress' green skin, traveling from her sternum, between the salt-soaked spheres, and stopping at an emerald green nipple. He suckled at the left breast, sucking it until the boob tingled with electricity. Huntress' womanhood tightened around his schlong, making it near-impossible to pull out.

Why would Finn ever want that?

Huntress's insides boiled like the world's sexiest pot. Slick fluids oozed from her plump lips, spreading like a tidal wave across Finn's crotch. The lovers grew so damp that sticky strands connected their hips, as if they were one creature.

"Aaaah, so... good," said Huntress Wizard, her eyes rolling in her head.

The lovers mated like starved beasts, lost in the wild passion that set their hearts aflame. Finn thrust his hips with all his might, pounding Huntress Wizard so hard that her buttcheeks clapped together and his nuts slapped against her moist taint. Powerful shudders made Huntress Wizard whimper, but animal instinct drove her to swivel her hips in circles. This carved her insides with that fat cock, spreading the tight walls wide like a screwdriver.

Her vision cloudy with desire, Huntress Wizard moaned like a bitch in heat.

*"How have I missed out on this for centuries?"* thought Huntress Wizard. *"I was a fool. Craving sex, admitting desire... It doesn't make you weak. It makes you so so soooooo strong! So long as you select your mate carefully."*

Indeed, this sex wouldn't feel half as good if it wasn't with someone she cherished. Perhaps she'd never say love aloud, but it felt true in her heart.

"Finn... only you make me feel this way..."

"I feel... the same," said Finn, struggling to speak as his mind melted to mush.

Burning up inside, the couple picked up the pace. Climax already reared its virile head, but it would be the first of many if Huntress had anything to say about it. Her inner walls tightened around Finn until it grew impossible to pull out, until—

"What in the flarping nards are you barflords doing!?"

Like an assassin's dagger thrusting from the shadows into an unsuspecting victim's back, a harsh voice cut through the lovemaking. Instantly, Huntress Wizard froze like a deer in headlights. Finn thrust twice more, then swiveled around to the spectator too.

Across the crystal river, not fifteen paces away, stood a pale woman in faded blue robes. Between the striped horns upon her head, needle-like teeth, and green eyes like a viper's venom, the spectator cut a striking figure. An unpleasantly familiar figure.

His voice trembling from excitement, Finn shouted, "Bandit Princess!?"

Indeed, it was Bandit Princess, in all her unholy glory. Infamous throughout Ooo, there was nothing Bandit Princess wouldn't steal, nobody she wouldn't rob blind, no treasure trove that was safe from her grubby fingers. This thief could pluck rubies from under a god's grasp, swipe the wind from under a sparrow's wings, and steal the laughter from children, without

leaving behind so much as fingerprints. Her thieving skills were legendary and grew with age, until she put the long-dead King of Thieves to shame.

Heck, she probably stole the princess title too!

The legendary thief stood tall, perhaps a head or two taller since Finn met her, so many years ago. Upon her back, Bandit Princess carried a leather satchel that bulged at weird angles, and upon her face was an expression of pure disgust. She pointed at the lovers, finger trembling, appalled by the scene she stumbled into.

Once the shock wore off, Huntress Wizard's eyes grew narrow. She glared at the intruder, slapped her hips, then slammed her ass onto Finn's crotch. He hissed sharply, taken aback by the pleasure.

"We're mating. Duh." Huntress Wizard steadily built up momentum again, bouncing on Finn's crotch as his manly sword penetrated her. She was agonizingly close to climax and she would not have this perfect moment ruined by some nobody. "So mind your biz and go away, yah dingus."

Turning back to Finn, Huntress Wizard stroked his chin to wholly regain his attention. She would not be denied. If only Finn felt the same, because in one swift motion, the young hero rolled out from underneath Huntress and snapped a branch off a tree. It wasn't an actual weapon, but the crystalline wood was sturdy as stone.

Clambering to his feet, Finn held out the crystal branch like a sword.

"Halt, Bandit Princess! What are you doing here!?"

Despite her disgust, Bandit Princess shook it off. She playfully wagged a finger and arched an eyebrow.

"Hah! Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Uh, yeah? That's why I asked!"

"Well, I'm not telling! Why are you glorp florp fucking in a cave!?"

"Th-That's personal biz!"

"A likely story! You heroes are all the same! You act noble, smug, and holier-than-thou, but deep down, you're freaks too! You wanted someone to find you! At least villains are honest about being gross!"

While the silly argument ensued, Huntress Wizard let out a heavy sigh. Flat on her back, she stared at the canopy above, pondering which god she peeved to deserve this fate? Right now, she should be oozing creamy cum across the forest floor. She should be dribbled from head-to-toe with Finn's jelly. Why didn't that happen?

*"Of course she's a princess,"* thought Huntress Wizard. *"Why wouldn't she be? Princesses ruined everything."*

With another sigh, Huntress Wizard rolled onto her chest. Resting her chin in both hands, she arched an eyebrow.

"Something tells me you two know each other. Care to explain?"

Finn gritted his teeth. The crystalline branch in his hands shook with rage.

"That's Bandit Princess! You know, the thief who stole Sword-Finn when I was young?" Finn growled under his breath and glared at the horned thief. "If it wasn't for her thieving ways, Sword-Finn wouldn't have died, turned into Fern, then died again!"

Bandit Princess snorted and hid a toothy grin behind one hand.

"Whoops? Did I do all that?" Bandit Princess shrugged nonchalantly. "Guess I'm a better villain than I thought! Who knew?"

While Finn growled louder, Huntress' breath stilled. This thief hurt her mate that badly? Given Fern's brief life, Huntress didn't know the clone well. He was another face in the crowd, nothing more, nothing less. Finn, however, grew close to his grassy clone and was heartbroken when Fern turned evil, twisted by resentment and circumstance. Fern never deserved his fate, nor did Finn deserve his ire.

Ultimately, Finn grew from the experience; through Fern, Finn saw his past mistakes play before his eyes. Fern needed to die so Finn could become a better, tighter version of himself. However, did fate need to twist the knife so deeply? Did both Finns need to bleed so much?

Huntress wasn't sure, but one thing was certain: Bandit Princess precipitated their journey of suffering. That was unforgivable. And that wasn't the worst thing.

"Hm..." Tilting her head to the side, Huntress Wizard said, "Hey, Bandit Princess?"

Bandit Princess turned the plant mage.

"Yeah? What is it?"

Huntress Wizard pointed to the ground.

"Your clothes. Throw them off. Now." Huntress Wizard gestured to the crystal forest, to the trees and river and creatures, to the tomb itself. "This cave? It's sacred out of the wazoo and you're insulting the Lovers by wearing clothes. Get naked. *Now.*"

With a shrill shriek, Bandit Princess threw both arms across her body.

"What!? No way am I disrobing! I'm not a perv like you freaks! I enjoy bloodletting in privacy, thank you very much!"

A dark growl escaped Huntress Wizard. She pointed at the leather satchel across Bandit Princess' back.

"Is that so? Then let me ask another question: what's in there?"

Bandit Princess rolled her eyes and let the satchel roll off her back. When it struck the ground, there came a sharp twinkly sound like glass scratching glass. Rooting around the bag, Bandit pulled something out.

It was a tiara. Carved out of lapis lazuli and adorned with carnelians set in a flame pattern, the tiara was a lavish treasure. Whoever wore it must be royalty, perhaps native to the Crystal Dimension. Bandit Princess held it to the sky, letting light reflect off it like a beacon.

"What do you think, barf brains? There's a treasure trove of goodies around here! Gems, gold, you name it!" Bandit Princess stroked the tiara lovingly, her pale fingers sliding across the smooth gemstones. Her green eyes shone with adoration like a dragon coveting its hoard. "Whatever loser left such a stash behind doesn't know what it's worth!"

A frown crossed Huntress Wizard's lips. Over the centuries, couples visited the Tomb of the Lovers to honor their memory. It was a site of pilgrimage, and to celebrate the deceased, offerings were laid inside the Tomb.

A deep, bestial growl echoed in Huntress Wizard's throat. It was profane to loot the Tomb. Her stomach boiled with rage and the plant mage's hands crackled with magic.

"That doesn't belong to you!" Huntress Wizard leapt to her feet. She stood beside Finn, bearing sharp teeth and deadly claws "Put it back! Now!"

"Oh yeah?" Bandit Princess pulled out more baubles, such as a sapphire egg and a silver-inlaid music box. Necklaces wrapped around her neck and gold chains strung between her horns. "And who's gonna make me?"

Growling harshly, Huntress Wizard slapped her hands together. When they separated, a leaf-strewn spear formed out of thin air. The spear was long, well-balanced, and tipped with an

avocado seed. Despite the odd choice, the seed was sharpened to a point, and when Huntress Wizard dragged it across the ground, sparks flew from the tip.

Clutching the spear in both hands, Huntress Wizard hissed.

“Guess who?”

The thief blinked, then threw her head back and laughed. Bandit Princess laughed and laughed and laughed. The rancorous howl echoed across the crystal forest until the Tomb rang like a giant tuning fork. At the same time, Bandit Princess drew an obsidian sword lined with ruby veins from the satchel.

When the laughter died down, Bandit Princess wiped away a tear.

“Ahahahaha, you idiots... Do you realize how flarping stupid you look right now? Sweaty and naked with a dinky branch and seed spear? How pathetic!”

It was only by the grace of Glob that Bandit Princess didn’t receive a permanent buzzcut: the seed spear flew like a bolt of retribution at her head, which she dodged at the last second. Instead, the spear flew between her horns like a ball through goalposts, snagged on the gold chains, and soared until it stabbed a tree behind her. Chain links fell like rain on the thief’s head, and when she shook off, Bandit Princess hissed like a panther.

“Hey! Watch where you’re aiming! You broke the stuff I stole. Only I get to do that!” said Bandit Princess, stomping with one foot. Huntress Wizard simply crafted another spear, green magic crackling from her hands.

“Hmph. I promise, the next one won’t miss.”

With a snarl, Bandit Princess leapt forward, the necklaces adorning her body rattling loudly. With a fiendish grin, she swiped right at Huntress Wizard with the obsidian sword, cleaving the air cleanly and leaving blood-red flames in its wake. If Huntress Wizard didn’t spin her spear and deflect the blow, she would be sliced in two.

Instead, the seed spear caught fire. It was reduced to cinders in seconds and crumbled in her hands. Huntress Wizard stared at the gray ash in her hands for a second, then threw it in Bandit Princess’ face, causing the follow-up sweep to hit the ground instead.

“Gaaah!” said Bandit Princess. She rubbed away the ash while tears rolled down her face. “Lousy... Stay still and let me kill you!”

“That’s not a whole lotta incentive for me to play fair, is it?” said Huntress Wizard. Spinning on the spot, she swept a leg through the air. When it caught Bandit Princess’s ankle, the thief fell flat on her ass. “During the hunt, anything that fells your quarry works. ‘Fair play’ doesn’t exist.”

Bandit Princess growled, then fiercely kicked Huntress Wizard. She caught her squarely in the chest, and if it wasn’t for the plant nymph’s massive melons, she’d be left breathless. Instead, Huntress Wizard stumbled backwards, just in time for Finn to charge Bandit Princess, holding the crystal branch aloft like a baseball bat.

“Eat this, suckah!” shouted Finn.

The young hero swung the branch with all his might. Bandit laid flat on her back, dodging it, then kicked Finn in the ankles. He fell forward much like she did, slamming his face on the hard crystal floor and dropping the branch.

Not that this stopped Finn one bit. Instead, he swung a metallic fist at Bandit Princess, gears whirling inside the cybernetic enhancement and spinning the fingers at supersonic speed.

“Weed Wacker Punch!”

If not for her incredible reflexes, Bandit Princess would have swallowed her teeth, alongside a lot of blood. At the last second, she caught Finn by the wrist, and summoning

inhuman might, Bandit Princess hurled Finn aloft. The young hero hit a tree with his back, knocking the wind out of his lungs.

That wasn't the end. Scrambling to her feet, Bandit Princess charged Finn like a bull, her horns lowered and sharp as spikes. If Huntress Wizard didn't tackle her off-course, Finn's torso would have a lovely view.

Their bodies mashed together, Huntress Wizard and Bandit Princess grappled each other. Bandit was caught in a headlock, but she twisted her head constantly, hitting Huntress with the blunt sides of her horns.

"Let go, you cruddy nymph!" Bandit Princess slammed her horns into Huntress' face, leaving her cheeks black and bruised. The plant nymph refused to release her, however, leaving the thief with an ample view of the generous cleavage. "Urgh! Can't you ding dongs cover your bits? It's distracting to see your... ding dongs!"

For what it's worth, Finn had the courtesy to glance down and blush at his manly nudity. Huntress Wizard just kept grappling with Bandit Princess.

"You wouldn't know... a hot bod... if it slapped you in the face!" said Huntress Wizard, right before she smacked Bandit with her boobs. This sent Bandit to the floor, but before Huntress could capitalize on the advantage, the thief sprinted away.

Like a jackrabbit, Bandit Princess bounded across the ground on all fours. She ran away, right until she snatched up the forsaken black blade. Her claws digging grooves in the crystal, Bandit Princess skidded to a halt and assumed a fighting stance.

"Hah, hah! You pervs... are so dead!" said Bandit Princess, panting heavily. She collected her nerves while the couple pulled themselves together. Huntress dual-wielded spears that appeared with a crackle of magic while Finn readied his cybernetic arm.

The trio stared each other down. Everyone held their breath. Time stood still, and only the splash of aquamarines running downstream filled the clearing.

Then, with fierce battlecries, they charged one another.

Swiping one spear to the right, Huntress Wizard comboed with a skywards stab with the second. She nearly caught Bandit Princess with the second strike, barely missing the left eye. Instead, Bandit limboed under the attack and skated across the glassy smooth ground, right before she caught Huntress with the sword pommel.

"Gah!" shouted Huntress Wizard. She recoiled backwards, clutching her throat. She didn't need it to breathe, but a collapsed throat was painful no matter the situation. If Finn didn't punch Bandit Princess in the face, she would have been left vulnerable.

"Flarping!" cried Bandit Princess. She clutched her nose and wildly swung the sword. Two rivulets of scarlet ran down the thief's pale face, staining the collar of her faded blue robes. "You bastards! If you broke my nose, I'll skin you alive!"

Before Bandit Princess could regain her senses, Finn pressed his advantage. He swung punch after punch at the thief, keeping her at bay. It was a fool's strategy, for swords beat fistcuffs at range, but the young hero was high on adrenaline. Finn landed several blows, striking Bandit Princess in the shoulder and chest, but soon sparks flew from his metallic arm and blood wept from his fleshy one.

Luckily, this mad flurry of fists didn't last too long. After casting a healing spell, Huntress Wizard could focus on more than the white-hot pain. Blinking through the tears, Huntress raised a spear and chucked it at Bandit Princess.

Several things happened at once. First, Finn threw another punch. This knocked Bandit Princess away, squarely out of the spear's trajectory. Instead, the spear struck the metallic hand,



knocking around its gears. The complex machinery inside the cybernetic limb went wild before the fingers whirled to life. They spun like blades and caught the hem of Bandit Princess' robes. Finally, the fabric twisted around the fingers, the seams whined in protest, then in an explosion of cloth, Bandit Princess' robes were torn to shreds.

Instantly, Bandit Princess let out a howl. Stripped down to the barest element, with only a loincloth protecting her chastity, Bandit Princess blushed bright. Both arms flew across her body, covering her crotch and chest. The black sword fell to the floor with a metallic clatter, abandoned.

"What the plum, man!" shouted Bandit Princess. Surprisingly, the thief had a pear-shaped figure beneath the form-covering robes. While her chest was flatter than a slab of concrete, Bandit Princess' hips were wide as a bus and the pale buttcheeks resembled two glorious moons, stacked side-by-side. "Perverts! First you pork in public, making me wanna bleach out my eyes! Next you yank off my clothes? The junk?!"

The thief pointed at Finn and hissed like a snake.

"You sickos want me to join your sex cult, don't you? Well, too bad! It won't work!" Bandit Princess grinned proudly. Each tooth was sharp as needles; perhaps it was natural, or she filed them to razor tips. Either way, it was unsettling to see so many sharp teeth in one mouth. "'Cause I got rabies! I am immune to seduction!"

Glancing between the fabric in his metal hand and the almost nude brigand, Finn blushed. He tried to pry the blue fabric from the weed whacker blades, but it was stuck in the gears. Shaking his head hastily, Finn said, "It was an accident, honest! I don't wanna see your naked body!"

The harshness in Bandit Princess' face did not fade. If anything, her scarlet cheeks glowed brighter.

"What's that supposed to mean? Am I not hot enough for you?" Bandit Princess jabbed a finger at Huntress Wizard. Like Finn, she stopped mid-fight, confused by the change of pace. "Just because I don't have massive ho-has like this perv? Please! Any idiot can tell they're fake. Talk about desperate."

"They're not...!" Huntress Wizard's face burned bright, only to fold her arms across her chest. Her tone dropped in pitch until the plant mage scarcely whispered. "... they're not fake. I grew them. All on my own."

Shaking his head, Finn said, "That's not what I meant! If you weren't a super evil thief, or indirectly responsible for Fern's death, I'd totally get freaky with you!"

The blush on Bandit Princess' cheeks went full-on nuclear. Her snarl fell and her eyes widened. Briefly, doubt flickered across her pale face, like someone unmasked her true self...

... right before Bandit Princess drew back an arm and coldcocked Finn with the force of a steel-tipped mallet.

"Like I'd ever make sweet, sweet love to a two-shoes hero like you! How disgusting! Who told you about my super-secret diary!?"

Finn stumbled back, wobbled on the spot, then tipped over and hit the ground with a *thud*. Bandit Princess blinked, stared at the fallen hero, then at her fist. She still had the sword, but punched Finn instead. Why? Could it be, deep down, she really...?

... gah! Introspection was unhealthy for a villainous ego! With both hands on her hips, Bandit Princess cackled evilly.

“I knew lifting loot all the time gave me muscles, but damn!” With a harsh chuckle, Bandit Princess flexed her biceps at Huntress Wizard. The plant nymph went still the moment Finn fell. “Now it’s your turn, schmuck! Prepare to taste pain!”

The plant nymph said nothing. Huntress Wizard stared, utterly fixated, at Bandit Princess. Her gaze wasn’t foul or venomous. It wasn’t full of contempt or overflowing with fiery hatred. Huntress Wizard simply poured every ounce of focus on the thief, as if they were the only people in the universe.

The effect was disquieting; Bandit Princess found the evil laughter dying in her throat. A cold chill ran down her spine, and if she was a lesser villain, Bandit Princess would have frozen. Nailed to the ground by the hammer that was Huntress’ gaze.

To dispel the tension, Bandit Princess coughed into her fist and raised the obsidian sword. “Y-Yeah, well! Eat my blade!”

With the sword aloft, Bandit Princess charged at Huntress Wizard. She poured every ounce of power into her legs, granting her winged feet. She’d hack this overgrown shrubbery down to size, then clear out the rest of the Tomb. Heck, why not claim Finn for a prize too? Nothing felt quite as satisfying as breaking a hero’s will, and he’d make the perfect plaything.

*“It’ll be so much fun, making Finn bleed!”* thought Bandit Princess. She cackled harshly. *“I’ll bleed that hero like a pig and make him pump me full with babies. Evil babies! We’ll make a whole generation of villains, enough that no amount of good Finn accomplished will match it! What a brilliant plan, me!”*

So filled was Bandit Princess’ head with visions of riches and mind-breaking torture that she failed to notice how Huntress Wizard’s knuckles turned white. How tightly she clutched the spear until the bark broke, or how magic rose off the plant mage like steam. So it took her completely off-guard when Huntress Wizard dodged her sword swipe, deflected the follow-up, then slammed the spearbutt in the ground.

Like the mythical beanstalk that pierced the heavens, a great tree sprouted from the spear and erupted into the sky. The tree clipped Bandit Princess in the ribs, hitting her hard enough to fling her aloft. While she flew through the air, the thief saw her sword wildly pinwheel and disappear into the crystal forest’s foliage.

“Frag... nuggets,” said Bandit Princess, her world dissolving into a sea of fantastic colors while her chest screamed in pain.

With a heavy *thud*, Bandit Princess landed on a jade bush about thirty paces away. Almost broken in half, she groaned and rolled over until she fell flat on her face.

“Ow... ow... ow...” said Bandit Princess weakly.

“I won’t forgive you,” said Huntress Wizard as she approached the fallen thief. Each word was punctuated by her footsteps, which rang like leaden bars falling onto an icy floor. The crystalline earth didn’t crack underfoot, but it creaked like a titanic behemoth strode on it. “The moment you trespassed upon this sacred place, your fate was sealed. But if Finn plead for mercy, I mighta tied you to a tree. Covered you in honey and let the ants have a field day. Something... merciful.”

Shadows danced across the crystal garden as Huntress Wizard drew near. It was difficult to maintain her shape; she wasn’t careful, the plant mage could turn into a wolf, hawk, or a bear. All powerful beasts capable of biting or crushing the thief into pulp, but this was no execution. This was revenge and Huntress must wear her true face for it.

Grabbing Bandit Princess by the shoulder, Huntress hauled the thief to her feet. Dazed, Bandit Princess's head bobbed around. When the pretty colors coalesced into a clear picture, Bandit saw the sharpest teeth in her life.

"But now? This is the end. Accept your misdeeds and seek repentance in the next life," said Huntress Wizard. Her eyes flashed emerald green, and opening her toothy jaws wide, Huntress Wizard swallowed the thief's head whole.

A muffled screech escaped the maw as Bandit Princess was plunged into damp darkness. She immediately flailed on the spot, battering her fists across Huntress Wizard's body. To combat this, the plant nymph weaved a spell that bound the thief's arms behind her back with vines. Nothing that limited Bandit's power, but it gave Huntress a moment to savor sweet justice.

Savor it she did: letting out a moan, Huntress rolled her tongue across the thief's face. Warm and sticky, the saliva soaked Bandit to the bone and left her gray hair plastered to her skin. It tingled like a saltwater bath, and when some seeped past Bandit's lips, she gagged in disgust.

"Gaaah! Gross! So randy!"

Bandit Princess whipped her head from side-to-side, struggling as much as possible. Desperately, she prayed her horns could pierce Huntress' throat or stab her straight in the brain. They must be good at something! Alas, the plant nymph's body was quite elastic and stretched to accommodate the wildebeest horns, even if they did make her muscles ache something awful. Her throat bulged wide like a toad and tears pooled in Huntress' eyes.

This was the worst. Everything about this was awful; from the throat muscles that clenched her skull like a vice to the stench of compost, each of Bandit's senses were assaulted. The dark throat undulated like a seabed of life and gaped forebodingly, taunting Bandit about her fate as she sank deeper. Even the worm-like throat mocked her as it slapped her like a bullwhip, making Bandit bite back tears.

*"This pervert... thinks she's got the better of me? I'll show her!"* thought Bandit Princess. She gnashed her teeth as her flat chest slid across Huntress' tongue. *"Once this is over, I'll burst out of her belly like that one fairytale! You know, the one about wolves and red hoods and and chickens! Yeah, that'll be epic!"*

As if sensing Bandit Princess' cockamamie plan, Huntress Wizard let out a throaty growl. She wanted to savor this meal, but the more the thief struggled, the weaker her grasp grew. Bandit wasn't like Breakfast Princess: she was a genuine warrior. Given the opportunity, she could escape and make Huntress rue this scheme.

No, she must take this meal seriously. So, digging deep into her magical reservoir, Huntress Wizard cast another spell.

The ground beneath the two women rumbled ominously, like an earthquake struck Ooo. It shook everything and made the crystal forest noisily clatter like glass bottles tied together. Sweat rolled down Bandit Princess' backside with fresh fear, then with an earthy grumble, knotted vines sprouted from the earth.

Much like the tree-spear attack, the vines struck Bandit Princess in the backside. However, this time the vines were more gentle and lifted her off the ground like a giant hand. This made Bandit sigh with relief... until the vines shoved her deeper into Huntress's maw.

"Friggin' cheater!" howled Bandit Princess. She kicked her legs fiercely as Huntress' sharp teeth grazed across her skin. "This is why nobody likes wizards!"

Huntress Wizard rolled her eyes and ate deeply of her meal. Within minutes, Bandit Princess was halfway down her throat. The pale flesh tasted delicious, not unlike pork drenched in marinade. What's more, the sweat enhanced the flavor, making Huntress' taste buds sing.

*“At this rate, I’ll get addicted to the flavor of princesses!”* thought Huntress Wizard.  
*“Finn... wouldn’t appreciate that.”*

Bite by bite, Huntress Wizard savored this one-of-a-kind meal, confident that the vine pillar gave her complete control. Bandit’s flat chest was easy pickings and eagerly sampled; although the bosom was flat, the meat was still tender. When Huntress gnawed on it hungrily, rich flavors washed over her tongue.

Next came the abdomen. The pale stomach was trim, the meat lean and lighter in flavor. An undercurrent of beef tickled the senses with a smoky aftertaste like fine applewood. Huntress Wizard’s palette wasn’t refined enough to appreciate fine cuisine, but everyone loved a barbeque. With a loud *hooooork*, she devoured the pale gut without an ounce of remorse.

Last came the ass. Aaah, Bandit Princess’ best feature; the hips were absolutely massive, enough to dwarf Huntress’ butt. Each buttock was bigger than a pumpkin and clapped together with every gulp. Fat rippled across the succulent flesh, so juicy that a smorgasbord of flavors swept Huntress off her feet.

*“I could eat this bitch’s ass forever!”* thought Huntress, gnawing away as her sharp teeth dug grooves into the assmeat. Her razor sharp pupils went wide like a cat high on silvertine.  
*“Mmm, so good... tastes like grilled venison with beans & carrots, but ten times better!”*

Bandit jolted from every pinprick of those sharp teeth. It rankled her pride, knowing her behemoth behind was treated like a meatball. Worse, her leather loincloth is cast aside by the prodding tongue, exposing her pink lady lips.

Her eyes wide, Bandit Princess kicked her legs wildly.

*“Woah there, cowboy! Leave my junk alone, you donking pervert!”* said Bandit Princess. She gritted her teeth as the plant nymph’s tongue circled the outer rim of her womanhood, only to gasp when Huntress licked her precious pearl. *“You call yourself a hero? This is a thousand times worse than any— ooooo my!”*

Huntress cared not about her meal’s complaints; why should she listen to delicious meat? Its purpose was to nourish her body and fill it with strength, not talk. So with gluttonous glee, Huntress Wizard savored Bandit Princess’ pussy, rolling her tongue across the pink lips, plunging deep into the velvety smooth folds. Anything that she desired.

It left the thief panting up a storm and hungry for more, even as she slid into the stomach.

*“Fuck... fuck! This feels way better than touching myself!”* said Bandit Princess, moaning as her head stretched the stomach walls. Her horns pressed against the rubbery flesh, leaving a distinct impression, but there seemed no limit to their give. Worse, when acid splashed in her hair, it burned away with a sharp sizzle. *“Why haven’t I... done this before?”*

Whether malicious or not, Huntress Wizard savored the rich honey pot like a tender lover. The tongue licked everywhere, savoring the sticky jelly whether it pooled at the pink lips or swiveled around Bandit’s insides. The thief was brought to the brink of climax...

... only for Huntress Wizard to expand her jaws and swallow that humongous ass whole. It slid down her throat with a fleshy *gluuuuuuuuuurk*, stretching the fleshy walls wide enough that veins shone beneath Huntress’ skin and tears ran down her face.

*“Hey, n-no fair! You can’t play around, then leave me unfinished!”* cried Bandit Princess. She wiggled her legs, even as Huntress swallowed her thighs like pale pillars of fat. *“Come on! Make me cum!”*

*“Shut up. If I can’t cum today, neither can you,”* thought Huntress Wizard. She beat a fist on her chest, trying to force the meal down. If Breakfast Princess’ boobs were hard to swallow, Bandit’s ass was on a whole other level.

Her belly bulged outwards, swelling round and bulbous like an overripe watermelon. The green skin was stretched taut and thin like a leaf, but the gigantic gut was anything but smooth. The thief's struggles left a clear imprint of Bandit Princess, providing an excellent show as she slowly melted away. This went both ways: Bandit Princess could see through the stomach lining, allowing her to see everything from the crystal forest to the fallen Finn.

Shoving against the stomach walls, Bandit Princess reached for her mountain of loot, which was tantalizingly close, yet terribly out-of-reach.

"Grah! Is there no end to this mockery!?" Bandit Princess howled at the top of her lungs. "This is straight-up twisted!"

Huntress Wizard answered with another *gwulp*. Bit by bit, Bandit Princess' plump thighs slid down her throat. Sharp teeth dug grooves into the yielding flesh, leaving the occasional cut that wept dollops of blood. Perhaps the sight of scarlet awoke some predatory instinct in her soul, but Huntress Wizard ate faster. Her head bobbed up-and-down like a pelican swallowing fish, and soon Bandit Princess' boots reached the toothy maw.

"*Not like she needs these where she's going,*" thought Huntress Wizard, who pried off the gray leather boots. They fell to the ground, forgotten, and with another *gluuuuuuuuuuuuunk*, white toes poked past Huntress' lips.

With an idle lick, the toes slipped from view and Bandit Princess took the final step of her journey. Huntress' throat swelled with finality as saliva sprayed past her lips like a spigot. The thief found herself imprisoned in the fleshy cell, swelling it until the gigantic gut sank past Huntress' knees. A rubbery *glooooooiiiiinnnk* came as the tight walls forced Bandit into a ball, her face shoved between her knees.

How humiliating. Was there any injustice greater than this?

Leaning against a tree, Huntress breathed a sigh of relief.

"*Hah!* That's what— *haha*— you get!" said Huntress Wizard. After today's wild adventure, the plant nymph didn't have much energy to spare. She couldn't cast spells to hasten digestion, so Huntress had to rely on her stomach's natural strength. Still, her body ached from the battle, and Huntress Wizard rubbed the soreness out of her muscles.

While Huntress' hands weaved circles across the gluttoned gut, rivulets of drool ran down her chin. She wasn't a cruel soul by nature, but after her countless crimes, Huntress relished the chance to tease Bandit Princess.

"Better... get settled in, thief. Enjoy the ride. Next stop: my ass."

Unsurprisingly, Bandit Princess did not take this well. She threw punch after punch, leaving indents under the green skin. The globular orb bounced under the self-righteous fury, though it did nothing but make the belly groan in long, gastric stretches.

"Let me out, you plant— *glooooooouooooorp!* Don't think you've won— *shuuuuuuuuuuunnnkkk!* When I get out of here, I'll turn you into a— *chuuuuuuuuuuurn!*"

Huntress raised an incredulous eyebrow. Bandit's struggles formed air bubbles, and between belches that filled the air with green gas noxious enough to tarnish crystal, Huntress bounced in her seat.

"Yeah, keep complain— *Bwuuurp!* You sound so threatening and ev— *braaaaaaaaaaaaaap*— right now! I'm quivering in my boo— *uuuuuuuuuuuurp!* This empty bravado will surely— *bwuuuuuuuuuurrrrrrpppp*— make me release you."

Bandit Princess ignored her. She struggled harder, throwing her weight into each blow. The belly bounced like a rubber ball and Bandit strained a few muscles, but she didn't really hurt Huntress Wizard. Given its thin walls, the belly seemed ready to burst at a moment's notice, but

it remained strong. If anything, the fleshy walls constricted around Bandit more and more, like a fly stirring the hairs of a Venus flytrap.

Fine. If Bandit Princess would just ignore her, Huntress Wizard would do the same. Folding both arms behind her head, Huntress leaned back, content to let her stomach do its job. Digestion would come in time, and her body would leech every last calorie off Bandit's bones. Every *glorp glorp plorp* was a death knell, and every time the belly rumbled from side-to-side as muscles kneaded the thief, Huntress' heart felt lighter.

Instead, there were greater concerns to ponder. Huntress' gaze flashed over to Finn. While the young hero laid prone, his chest rose-and-fell at regular intervals. He wasn't dead, not by a mile, but it was a mystery when Finn would awaken.

Moreover, how Finn would react if he saw... *this*?

Cannibalism in Ooo wasn't strictly outlawed. Talking animals were commonplace, including sentient lions, tigers, and bears. Everyone had to eat, and some people ate only meat. This wasn't a choice, but a fact of life. The law of the jungle was indifferent to civilized folk; another reason Huntress preferred her solitary lifestyle.

So when dinnertime rolled around and Mr. Bear paid Ms. Goose a 'neighborly visit,' nobody batted an eyelash. Things, however, were different for people like Dogs and nymphs. They could eat whatever they liked and survive. It was considered poor etiquette to eat people when alternatives were open. Still not outlawed (the Rainicorns were famous for eating humans), but generally frowned upon.

Personally, Huntress Wizard could survive on water, sunlight, and soil for four weeks; she only needed a few pounds of meat per month. This, however? Devouring Bandit Princess? This was unheroic. So was eating Princesses; the Breakfast Kingdom would see her hanged if her misdeed was discovered. Huntress really hoped nobody found that out.

"What am I gonna do?" asked Huntress Wizard. She shook her head slowly. "Finn might have a meltdown if he sees this. As if he doesn't have enough brain damage..."

With another sharp cry and kick, Bandit Princess said, "How about you let me out, yah donking fartlord!?"

Her eyes narrow, Huntress Wizard rolled onto her side. She grinded her gigantic gut against the ground, mashing Bandit's face against the hard stone.

"... this is your fault, you know?" said Huntress Wizard. She snarled, bearing sharp teeth. "When you're reborn in the next life, don't be a thief. Unless you wanna melt again."

"I don't wanna melt in this life!" Bandit Princess threw her full weight against Huntress. The plant nymph bounced on the spot, ascending a few inches until the swollen sphere smacked against the ground with a fleshy *fwomp*. This milked more acid from the stomach walls, showering Bandit enough that she swam in neck-high juices. "Spit me out! Now!"

Huntress Wizard sighed. There was nothing for it; she must melt this wretched villain. Finn would understand; sometimes heroes had to make tough decisions for the greater good. Even if this decision wasn't particularly tough.

Bandit Princess continued to struggle, enough that the globular gut jiggled like jello. The blows rocked Huntress Wizard back-and-forth, making her queasy, but the rhythmic motions felt soothing too. Her eyes grew heavy and Huntress yawned loudly.

"I'm sorry today sucked, Finn..." Blowing a kiss in Finn's direction, Huntress Wizard closed her eyes. "Let's just pray... I melt this bitch quickly. No need... to ruin our day more..."

With that, Huntress Wizard fell asleep like a babe filled with mother's milk. The stomach walls clamped around Bandit Princess like a vice, and her ears rang with each caustic groan. The thief snarled, but her blows sank into the soft flesh like punching pillows

Like it or not, this would only end one way

"Flarping..." Bandit Princess sighed and leaned back, allowing the acid to envelop her. Every limb tingled like she boiled in a great cauldron and heat sank into her bones like a hearth. Her vision grew fuzzy and Bandit Princess swore Huntress' heartbeat sounded like the universe, reaching out across the stars to welcome her home.

"... at least I went out a fighter," said Bandit Princess. She stroked the stomach walls, gazing at her precious treasure, just inches away. "Better than some other villains, eh? Hehehe... when I'm reborn, I'm so eating this bitch and stealing her boyfriend."

Her head filled with fog, Bandit Princess closed her eyes and sank into a deep slumber. *Blorp blorp ploooooorps* echoed across the forest, making the crystals sing with this gastric song, and two souls became a greater whole.

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Darkness. The world was bathed in darkness. Everywhere that Finn looked, there was naught but deep, impenetrable darkness, one which no sword could pierce, nor spell cast away.

Strangely, Finn didn't panic. This wasn't death; he *knew* what death felt like and this wasn't it. There were no giant piles of bones, for one thing, and Finn didn't feel the distinct, unearthly chill of a Deadworld, which penetrated the flesh and froze the soul solid.

In fact, Finn felt rather warm, like he was wrapped in a cozy blanket. It reminded him of the Liking-Someone-A-Lot Sweater from years back. This felt nice. What's more, the warmth grew until the darkness parted, like it was burned by light.

Slowly, Finn opened his eyes and gazed into the blinding light.

"J-Jake... Bubblegum?" asked Finn, as colors swirled in a chaotic dance in his vision. Finn reached out into the colorful soup, only to grab something soft and rather squishy.

"Nope. Guess again, hero." A familiar voice cut through the colorful tapestry like a knife. The voice was calm and cool, like the gentlest breeze in early spring, but it had a sharpness too. "... and I do not sound like a dude."

The cocktail of colors condensed; blobs formed shapes and shapes formed structures. Finn shook his head until an emerald green blob formed a person.

His words slurred together as Finn said, "... H-Huntress W-Wizard?"

"In the flesh," said Huntress Wizard.

Much to his surprise, Finn found himself resting upon the plant mage's lap, his head laying upon her thighs as a pillow. Huntress kneeled elegantly and brushed hair from Finn's face. For his part, Finn's gaze journeyed up his arm and realized he held Huntress' boob, his hand dwarfed by the emerald green nipple.

The hand retracted instantly. Huntress chuckled.

"After everything, I'd say that's the least intimate thing we've done today." Huntress smirked before concern poured from her face. "How are you feeling? That knuckle sandwich you ate looked nasty. You okay?"

Finn shook his head, struggling to recall the past few... minutes? Hours? Days!? How long was he out? The young hero remembered only the scantest details, such as the cold swim, the crystal forest, the... the sex...

Finn's face flushed at the memory.

After that, however, everything went black. Finn remembered nada. Nothing.

"I'm... alright. Just can't recall much."

Huntress Wizard ran a hand through those beautiful golden locks. Her touch was gentle, her voice kind. It soothed Finn's soul to hear such calm words, especially as pain ebbed back. His world didn't explode with pain, but it felt like Finn earned a few lumps on the noggin.

"I see. You don't remember the fight with Bandit Princess, I take it? Hm." Huntress pursed her lips thoughtfully. "A freshly plucked oxen's liver is great for restoring memories, but somehow I doubt you'd wanna try it."

"Yeah, please. Glob no."

The young hero shook his head. He eased himself off Huntress' lap and surveyed his surroundings. The crystal forest was beautiful as ever, from the jade bushes to the tiger iron trees. The aquamarine river flowed smoothly and the sunstone sphere above shimmered brilliantly. Off to one side, the sacrificial offerings that Bandit Princess looted was returned to the satchel, and Huntress Wizard was bigger than ever.

Wait, what?

Finn rubbed sand from his eyes and squinted hard. No, this was no hallucination: Huntress Wizard was extra thicc. Earlier, the plant nymph had a chest that rivaled watermelons, but now? Each breast would make a cow jealous and had a cleavage like Ooo's deepest canyon. The gahonka-donkas hung low, kissing Huntress' belly button, and jostled with every breath. Those ivy-green nipples were large as dinner plates and the areola was speckled at the edges.

That, however, was just scratching the surface: Huntress' hips had doubled in size, making them wide as a stump. Each buttcheek was round and plump, massive like boulders, and bounced with every sway of the hips. Her thighs were broad as trees and twice as strong; beneath a layer of supple fat, Finn saw dense muscle course with power. Even her midsection was wider, giving Huntress a curvy, yet broad figure like the world's strongest pear.

Last, but certainly not least, Huntress sprouted a few inches. She stood at a modest 6'6"; tall enough that Finn barely reached her shoulders, but not giant like Muscle Princess or Sweet P. Her branches spread wide like an elk's horns and were covered with emerald leaves like a tree. Pink tulips dotted the branches, exuding a sweet aroma like bee's honey.

Finn's jaw dropped. He knew this wasn't a dream, but he still couldn't believe his eyes. With a trembling finger, he pointed at Huntress Wizard.

"H... HW! Look at you!" Finn ran his fingers through his hair, tugging at the scalp. "What happened while I was out!?"

Huntress Wizard didn't answer straight away. Instead, a long *chuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurrnn* escaped her gut. This was followed by a few *blorp blorp glorps* and a sharp *siiiiiiiiiiiizzllleeeee*. Her digestive system had been merciless to Bandit Princess, stripping the thief down to the bone. There was nothing left, not even those thick horns. Huntress Wizard claimed everything and made it her own, making her one large nymph.

Tilting her head to one side, Huntress Wizard debated the answer. She could tell the truth; Finn would accept that Ooo was better with fewer villains. What happened to Breakfast Princess could remain a secret. On the other hand, why risk it when there was no proof of her misdeed? Well, aside from the obvious.

"... *gah! I can't lie to that innocent face!*" thought Huntress Wizard. She shook her head. "*This'll have to do for now.*"

With a toothy grin, Huntress Wizard slapped her fat hips.



“It’s a shame you don’t remember, Finn. You woulda loved it! After we made– *urp*– love, my body had a... powerful reaction. Made me bigger, stronger, sexier.” Huntress Wizard brushed a hand through her leafy hair and rattled the lush branches. The curvy body was a nice bonus, but she took great pride in the tulips. They brimmed with enough magic to make any wizard envious. “It was a cinch to beat Bandit Princess. Went and crushed– *braaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaap*– crushed her under my ass.”

Huntress Wizard shrugged nonchalantly as green gas spewed from her mouth. It rose high like a cloud and brushed past a nest of topaz bluebirds, who immediately dropped dead. Huntress Wizard winced when a single bird hit the ground behind her.

“Th-the thief was so embarrassed that she ran off w-without the loot,” said Huntress, silently begging the birds for forgiveness. “Pledged to get revenge and slit our throats someday. You know, normal villain stuff.”

Finn nodded numbly. That’s how villains be, but Bandit Princess’ escape was the least of his concerns. Instead, Finn struggled to wrap his brain around Huntress’ growth spurt.

When it came to the inner workings of women, Finn knew scant little. He knew that girls became women before boys became men, and that once a month, women got horrible cramps. He knew that women didn’t fart, though Susan Strong and Marceline were major exceptions. Most importantly, women handle pain better than men, which is partly why Huntress Wizard was awesome and hardcore.

That aside, when it came to women, Finn was a babe in the woods, stumbling in the dark. He didn’t know any better, so he accepted Huntress’ story as fact. And who knows, maybe nymph grew differently than normal women? Springtime was a hell of a drug, apparently.

Besides, Huntress Wizard was always a straight arrow, honest to a fault. Why should this be any different? So after shaking off his surprise, Finn shrugged.

“Well, if you say so!” Finn smiled with gratitude, then went over to the leather satchel. Hoisting the stolen loot over one shoulder, Finn nodded towards the Tomb of the Lovers.

“Thanks for watching over me. I totes appreciate it, and next time, Bandit Princess won’t get the drop on this hero! So, wanna return this stuff to the Tomb?”

Huntress Wizard nodded her head and joined Finn’s side.

“Here, let me help,” said Huntress Wizard. She held the other end of the satchel, lightening the burden. “After that bop on the noggin, you’ll need plenty of rest. And don’t worry, I know the secret exit outta here. No need to swim again.”

Finn blinked.

“Wait, there was another path here this whole time? Then why’d we risk freezing to death!?”

To her credit, Huntress Wizard had the decency to blush.

“It’s... traditional. Helps set the mood and... stuff...”

Finn sighed and slumped his shoulders. He loved Huntress Wizard with all his heart, but sometimes she was cray-cray.

Mercifully, the journey through the crystal forest was short and uneventful. They passed through groves of garnet, leapt across the aquamarine river, and ducked under low-hanging branches of bloodstone. Magpies made of obsidian took to the sky when the couple drew near, and calcite rabbits nibbled on carrots of jasper.

After a short climb up the cave wall, where Huntress got an excellent view of Finn’s boing-loings, the couple reached a cliff at the Tomb’s entrance. They paused to catch a breath, then entered the tunnel.

Much like the crystal forest, the tunnel was a stunning spectacle. While the floor was sanded smooth and made of turquoise lined with copper veins, the walls were lined with flowers made of lapis, chrysocolla, and sapphire. The flames of the braziers outside made light flicker throughout the tunnel, leaving the surreal impression that they walked amongst floral dancers.

"This is..." Finn gulped hard. "There's no words to describe it. Huntress, have you seen this before?"

The plant mage shook her head. Her eyes were wide too, drinking in the spectacle.

"No, never. I've visited the crystal forest hundreds of times, but only couples are permitted in the Tomb. This is... gorgeous."

She shot a glance at Finn.

"Be on your guard. Who knows what magic protects this place? Bandit Princess was lucky to be digested—er. She's lucky she left the loot behind. Wouldn't wanna be cursed, right?"

Eventually, the couple reached the Tomb. It was a simple structure, without the somber air of a mausoleum or the opulence of a pharaoh's pyramid. Save for offerings of silver and gold, which lined the walls, the Lovers' Tomb felt most austere with a bed of opal orchids on the floor, a high ceiling where sunstone bathed everything in light, and a pool of water. There were no hieroglyphs on the walls, no yellowed scrolls; nothing to illuminate the Tomb's nature.

Deep within his soul, Finn felt the surreal, yet unshakeable impression that if someone entered the Lovers' Tomb, they already knew the story. If they didn't, they were poorer for it. The Tomb didn't care either way. It simply protected the Lovers' memory for the rest of eternity, until the universe went cold and dark and empty.

In the center of the Tomb was a sarcophagus. Made of blue howlite, the sarcophagus was plainly cut with sharp edges. The stone was clear as glass, permitting a gaze upon the departed. Finn tried not to stare, since it felt disrespectful, but the Crystal Prince looked...

... like a dude. Not some prissy noble or beefcake, just a normal, run-of-the-mill dude.

Above the sarcophagus loomed a willow tree. Made of emerald, the willow tree stretched its branches around the sarcophagus, as if cradling it. The white flowers that hung from the tips shone with an ethereal light, and if Finn peered closely, he could make out the face of a nymph in the trunk. It cast a beatific grin upon the Crystal Prince, ever gentle, ever loving.

Without a word, a single tear rolled down Finn's face.

"This place really is lovely, huh?" asked Huntress Wizard, startling Finn out of his trance. She leaned against the young hero and sighed. "... thank you for seeing this with me, Finn."

Finn spoke firmly and without hesitation.

"For you, Huntress Wizard? I'd journey from the Nightsphere and back."

The plant mage slapped his shoulder.

"You goof! Don't make promises you can't keep!" Despite herself, Huntress cracked a smile. "But... thanks. I appreciate it."

Together, the couple returned the sacrificial offerings to the tomb. When the final piece, the crystal tiara that Bandit Princess boasted about, was laid to rest, they stood in solemn silence. The Lovers' Tomb filled with a gentle warmth, and Huntress Wizard swore she felt an ethereal presence with them, beside them, and inside them.

The presence whispered words of thanks, congratulations, and best wishes to their union. That now and forever, Huntress would have Finn by her side, and he would have her love, supporting each other to the last. The voice filled Huntress with a celestial light, one that swept through her chest like a silver-laced wind, that made her feel lighter than air.

Then, just as suddenly as it appeared, the presence left. Huntress Wizard felt gravity return and her body slouched. She breathed a heavy sigh, then turned to Finn.

"You felt that too, right?" asked Huntress Wizard, a hand over her heart. Finn nodded.

"Totally. That was... magical."

"That's one word for it. Yeah."

The couple stood there in silence, hand-in-hand. How long it lasted, who could say? They simply appreciated the light, the Tomb's beauty, and each other's company.

When the silence broke, Finn turned his head.

"So, uh. What do we do now?"

"Excuse me?"

"Well." Finn gestured to the sarcophagus, the piles of silver and gold, and the universe at large. His voice echoed off the walls like an amphitheater. "What do we sacrifice to the Lovers? We're naked, and unless you can summon stuff outta thin air, I didn't bring anything to give."

"Oh, that." Huntress Wizard shrugged nonchalantly. "Sacrifices are required to gain the Lovers' Blessing, but it doesn't have to be gold or junk. So long as we prove our commitment, anything works."

"Really? Like what?"

Huntress Wizard smiled. Squeezing Finn's hand, she led him towards the large pool. Unlike the underwater cave, this pool felt warm and peaceful. In fact, the deeper they entered, the warmer the water grew. By the time they reached the center, steam rose from the pool. A sweet, heady aroma filled the Tomb and Finn's cheeks flushed, much like when he was drunk.

Stroking Finn's face, Huntress Wizard swam close enough until their chests touched. Beneath the water, their legs criss-crossed and Mini-Finn pressed against Huntress' folds.

"Simple." Huntress kissed Finn on the lips. "By showing the Lovers how we truly feel. Here and now."

Finn gulped hard. He wasn't fond of audiences; he preferred to adventure alone or with a close friend or two. It's not that Finn suffered from performance anxiety or got cold feet on stage. He just relished living in the moment, and that was hard to do when crowds cheered for him.

Making love to Huntress Wizard while ghosts watched wasn't his idea of a good time. However, when Finn saw those embers of affection dance in Huntress' eyes, he couldn't say no. So, gently, he returned the kiss. The couples kissed long and deeply, holding each other closer. Spit was swapped and tongues danced in harmony. They swam gracefully in the sauna-like pool, spinning in circles to stay afloat. A profound light made their chests feel light and their hearts beat as one.

And soon enough, tender giggles and sensual moans echoed from the crystalline tunnel, where the spirit of the Lovers burned forevermore.